

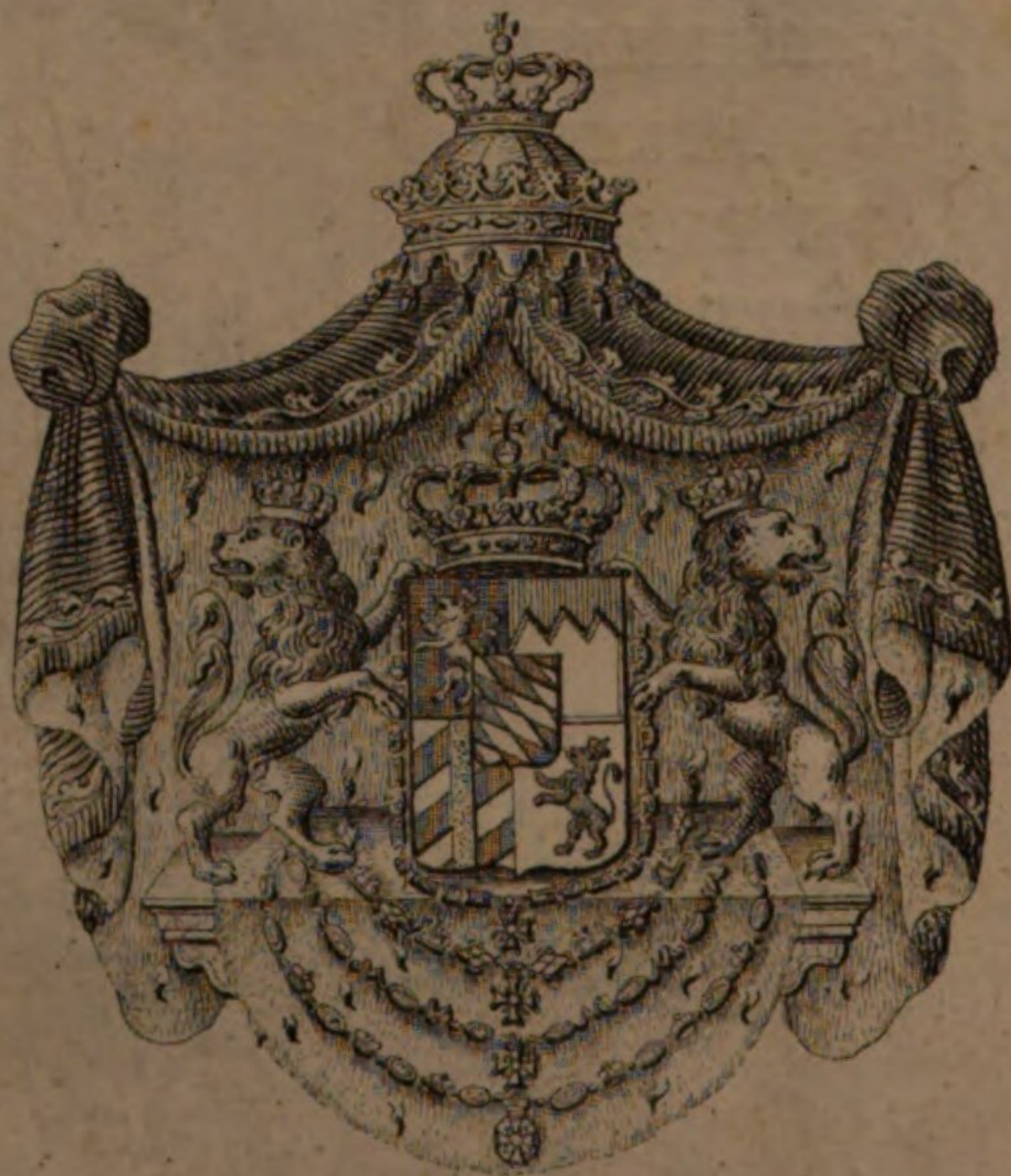
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BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS,

A LETTER,
FROM GERMANY,
TO THE
PRINCESS ROYAL
OF ENGLAND;
ON THE ENGLISH AND GERMAN LANGUAGES.

I sought a patroness, but sought in vain.
Apollo whisper'd in my ear « — — — ».
« I know her not ». « Your reason's somewhat odd:
« Who knows his patron, now »? replied the God.
« Men write, to me and to the world unknown;
« Then steal great names, to shield them from the Town.
« Should she refuse to patronise your lays;
« In vengeance, write a volume in her praise:
« Nor think it hard so great a length to run;
« When such the theme, 'twill easily be done ».

YOUNG'S 6th. Sat. ON WOMEN.

Ich suchte für mein Leid eine Beschützerinn, aber vergebens. Endlich
flüsterte mir Apollo ins Ohr « — — — ». « Ich kenne sie nicht ».
« Dein Grund, sie nicht zu wählen, versetzte der Gott, ist etwas sonderbar;
« welcher Autor kennt denn jezo seinen Gönner? Es schreiben Leute, die mir
« und der Welt unbekannt sind; und dann stehlen sie große Namen, um sich
« damit gegen die Stadt zu beschirmen. Wenn sie demnach sich weigern sollte,
« deines Liedes Beschützerinn zu werden, so schreib nur aus Rache ein Buch
« zu ihrem Lobe. Und halt es auch nicht für schwer, eine so lange Arbeit
« zu unternehmen; bey einem solchen Stoffe würde sie leicht gethan seyn ».

Eberts Übersetzung. 5. 263. 1771.

A
LETTER,
FROM GERMANY,
TO THE
PRINCESS ROYAL
OF
ENGLAND;

ON THE ENGLISH AND GERMAN LANGUAGES.

WITH A TABLE OF THE DIFFERENT NORTHERN LANGUAGES, AND OF DIFFERENT
PERIODS OF THE GERMAN; AND WITH AN INDEX.

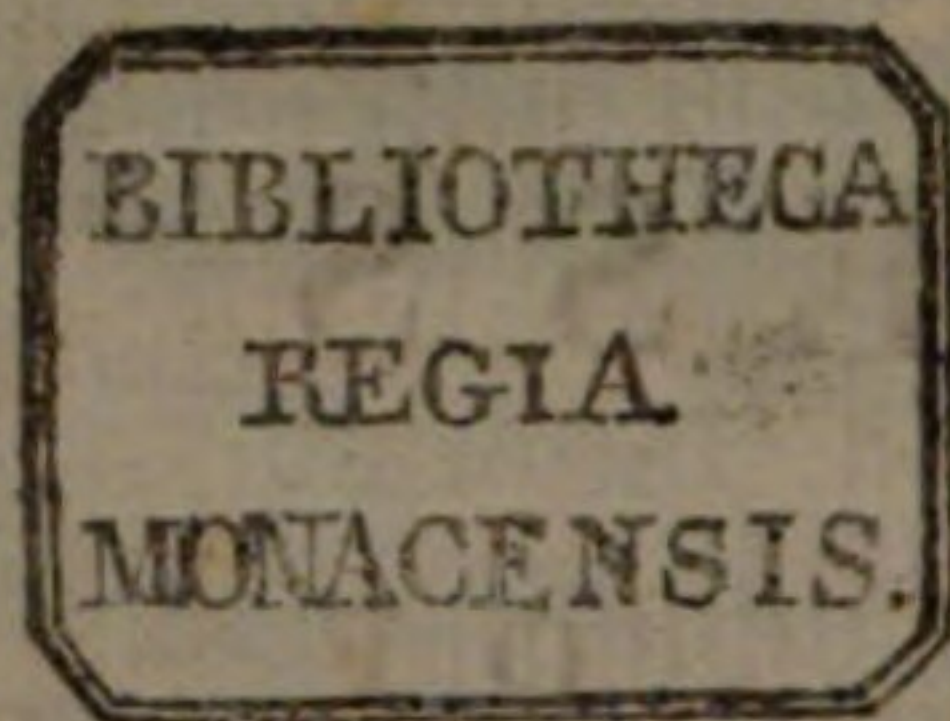
Our language, for almost a century [*written in 1755*], has, by the concurrence of many causes, been gradually departing from its original Teutonic character and deviating towards a Gallick structure and phraseology, from which it ought to be our endeavour to recall it.

JOHNSON'S PREFACE TO HIS DICTIONARY.

BY
HERBERT CROFT. LL. B.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY FAUCHE, HAMBURGH: SOLD BY RABENHORST,
LEIPZIG; AND EDWARDS PALLMALL, LONDON.

1797.



ENGLAND:

ON THE ENGLISH AND GERMAN LANGUAGES.

HENRY CROFT, M.A.

LONDON: Printed and Sold by J. H. B. and J. W. B. 1797.

A LETTER
TO THE
PRINCESS ROYAL
OF ENGLAND,
ON THE ENGLISH AND GERMAN LANGUAGES.

Hamburgh; January, 1797.

MADAM,

YOUR Royal Highness's illustrious brother, The Prince of Wales, can explain who it is that takes the liberty of writing this letter; if he will be pleased only to give himself the trouble of recollecting who it is that has the greatest obligations, perhaps, to his Royal Highness's feeling and princelike mind, both on his own account and on account of his wife and children.

I venture to address this letter to your Royal Highness, for two reasons: because I wish to show a little of that gratitude, which I feel towards the brother, through a sister whom he is known so deservedly to esteem — and because I hope to draw the attention of my countrymen and of the Germans, to the subject of this letter, through a female; and through one, whose virtues and talents are so well known in England, and will, soon perhaps, be equally well known on this side the German Ocean.

If some of the notes to this letter should appear to be rather written for males than females; your Royal Highness will pardon me, from double good-will to my subject.

This letter will interest perhaps even the illustrious personage, to whom it is addressed; if Report tell us truth about the elegance, with which she speaks and writes her native language. That language, MADAM, will be the subject of this letter. But it will, also, treat of the German language, which your R. H. is said to understand almost as well as English—the native language of your Royal Highness's exemplary mother and of George I. and II.; as well as of the German Prince, who is just arrived in this city, and who is said to expect the honour and happiness of your Royal Highness's hand in marriage.

Principally, I will beg permission to treat of the rich and nervous language, which is at present spoken in that part of Europe, on the coast of which your R. H. is shortly expected to land: and my letter will, in some places attempt to fathom, perhaps, the ancient depths of that speech, which, if it did not supply all the stream to the other, has, at least, from these and the adjoining shores (for so many ages the residence of your Royal Highness's ancestors), overflowed, but fertilized at the same time, the various countries now governed by the Royal descendant of the Guelfes—has proudly spread its waves as far as Asia—and has predominated over all the waters of the Atlantick (1).

(1) The future history of the other three quarters of the world will, probably, be much affected by America's speaking the language of England. Its natives write the language particularly well; considering they have no dictionary yet, and how insufficient Johnson's is. Washington's speeches seldom exhibited more than a word or two, liable to the least objection; and, from the style of his publications, as much, or more accuracy, may be expected from his successor Adams. Perhaps we are, just now, not very far distant from the precise moment, for making some grand attempt, with regard to fixing the *standard* of our language (no *language* can be fixed) in America. Such an attempt would, I think, succeed in America, for the same reasons that would make it fail in England; whither, however, it would communicate its good effects. Deservedly immortal would be that patriot, on either side of the Atlantick, who should succeed in such an attempt.

Since the troubles of that part of God's world which is most civilized still forbid the printing of my » English and » American dictionary «, of which your Royal Highness has heard and which I offered to publish just as these European troubles began; I came hither, last month, in the hope of qualifying myself still further for the national task, to which I have been devoted, now, through very near two apprenticeships (1).

After editing, some years ago, King Alfred's will in the Anglosaxon language, during my literary retirement at the University where I had originally been educated (2); I determined, at last,

(1) Dr. Anderson, when he uses my life of Young, in his *best* edition of the English Poets, is pleased to call me » The English Lexicographer «, and to say that I have added 5,000 words to the dictionary of Johnson. I only pretend to call myself the *pupil* of my great friend and mighty master Johnson; but I certainly undertook, as long ago as in 1793, after a toil of many years, to republish Johnson's dictionary, » corrected and improved, with the addition of more than 20,000 words, illustrated by » examples from the books quoted by Johnson, and from others of the best authority in » our own and former times ». In this I did not venture to include Scottish, old English or provincial language, though the present letter will prove what I have, all along, asserted upon that subject. A dictionary, comprehending not only all this but perhaps even more, is absolutely necessary, not only to understand many of our classicks, but our language. Why should I fear to speak out, at last, upon what I have so much and so long considered?

(2) Let me hope that my old University of Oxford will enable Dr. Mayhew, upon whom is deservedly conferred the Anglosaxon professorship which they have *at last* established, to publish *AT LAST* the m.s.s. of Junius. He bequeathed them, *on this condition*, to the University, in the last century; and Hickes *demand*ed the performance of this condition, in the second year of the present century, which draws fast to its eventful conclusion while I am writing.

In addition to the advice, which Professor Mayhew condescended to ask of me some time ago, I will beg to recommend to him an acquaintance with the oldest books in Low German, and with the pronunciation of it. He would spend a long vacation, here, very advantageously; on account of the language, the library and Professor Lichtenstein.

on what I had, through so many years, wished for an opportunity of doing: I resolved, with Skinner, Junius, Hickes and Johnson in my hands, to make a patient pilgrimage to this our parent country; and to ascend the ancient stream of the Elbe, for the purpose of visiting the fountain-head of the English tongue, and worshipping at the pure and sacred source of what is at present the *second* language in the world for universality, and will, hereafter, perhaps be the *FIRST* (1).

The English Professor will be pleased to see—as to my task—one specimen of what I find in almost every sentence.

Our common phrase » it *stood* him *in* so much money «, which is not among Johnson's 69 senses of *stand*, appears in two short lines; with *something else*.

Dat hus hefft öhm *stan*

XIII dusent gulden, sunder wan. Script. Brunsv. T. 3. p. 259.

So, in modern German, I fancy—

» Es kommt mir hoch zu *stehen* «.

May the name of Mayhew, in this useful line of literature, rival that of Hickes!

My old friends at Oxford can consider, whether a *WALL-lecture* for a degree, in the schools (not in Johnson, any more than *schools*), did not come from *wahl*—as *wahlreich*, an elective Kingdom; *wahl-tag*, the day of election; *wahl-stadt*, a city in which an election is (according to Frisch)—etc.

(1) I know not how M. de Rivarol may change my sentiments by his new french dictionary, which a bookseller of this city has nobly undertaken to publish. I have the highest opinion of the author and the greatest expectation of his work. But, at present, I think, that, before the end of the next century, the English will be the most general language; notwithstanding all that I *feel* may be said, in favour both of the *French* and the *GERMAN*. At a proper time, I shall speak, at length, on this subject; so interesting both to England and to America. My friend Mr. Pye is a grammarian, as well as a poet; and, since he translates German verse with such accuracy and elegance, I hope he will give his weighty opinion on this question. Among his rival translators of the same German poem, I have another friend, who can also be of much use; and from whose talents we look for almost as great effects, in some part of the intellectual world, as were produced by the arms of his great ancestor the Duke of Marlborough in the world of politicks.

I have not, yet, been many weeks in Germany; but, fortunately detained in this liberal and hospitable city by its library and its original language (*Low German*), I am already convinced that my suspicions were not wrong, and that my time will not be thrown away. I hope to be of some little service, hereafter, if I live, to the valuable literature of Germany, as well as to that of England and America.

Language, when it has fairly taken root, clings as obstinately to one soil as to another; and it is never, perhaps, to be cleared away: but how, Madam, is its natural history to be known, if we imagine those to be the parent-plants, which have been changed, tho' improved, by the care and culture of our gardens and our hothouses? if we look upon the hedge-rose and the wild strawberry as weeds, or as some new species of foul production from what our Delicacy has thrown over the wall? In language, as in Nature, the reflection of the elegiac poet, which he stole from the poet of the seasons, is true —

» Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,

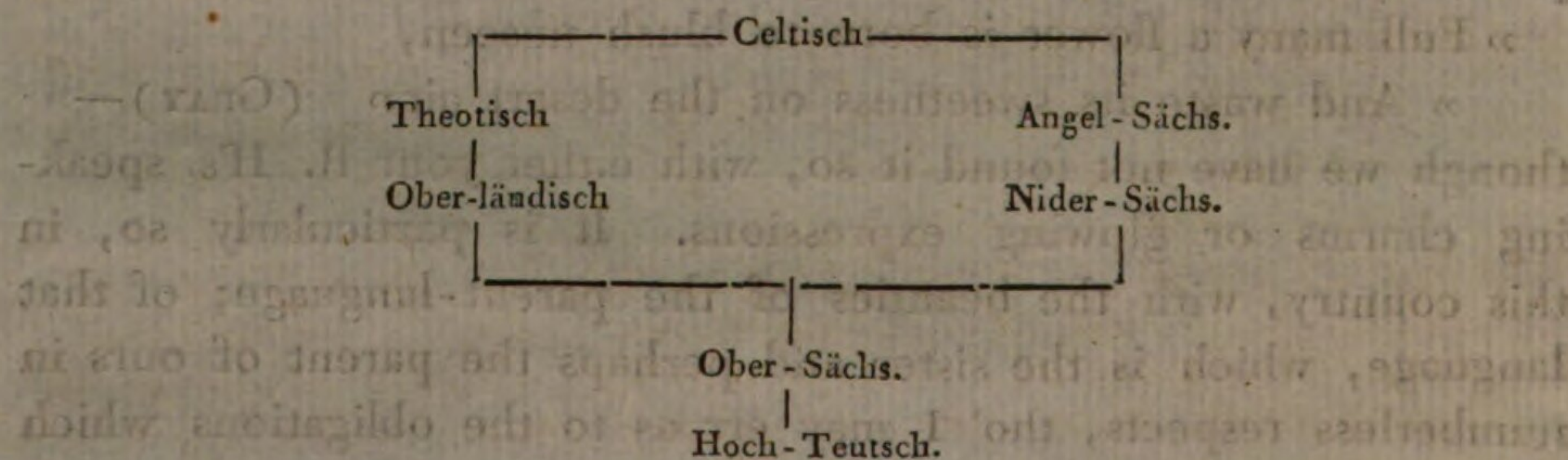
» And waste its sweetness on the desert air» (GRAY) — though we have not found it so, with either your R. H's. speaking charms or glowing expressions. It is particularly so, in this country, with the beauties of the parent-language; of that language, which is the sister and perhaps the parent of ours in numberless respects, tho' I may err as to the obligations which I imagine it to have laid on the noble, but haughty language of the Empire.

Let me speak out, at once, in spite of national prejudice; for our English abhorrence of the original language of our ancestors, in our provincial dialects, will little explain what I find here.

I *think* that the high German language is principally low German (and the low German of these parts), improved in many

respects, though in many more respects removed *inconveniently* still further from its parent-language and from its sister-languages of the North; and I *think* that, if this be not quite so, yet without low German, high German cannot be explained, if even understood (1). But *I am sure* (and I, therefore, humbly thank an all-wise and all-merciful God, for the personal troubles and disappointments and ill-usage, which have hitherto kept me from printing my dictionary!) I *AM SURE*, even in this short time — what shall I say? — not that English has considerable obligations to the ancient low German; but that, in their words, idioms, syntax, pronunciation etc., they were, originally, almost the

(1) The very able Adelung divides, it seems, the language of his country into low German, high German and higher German; and derives the second from the third, supposing the first to be little more than a corruption. As I am, at present, unacquainted with the language spoken in the South of Germany, I cannot positively contradict this; any more than I can support or deny the opinion of Richey, in his Hamburg-dictionary, p. 1.



But it appears that one may easily ascertain whether a word be the same in the living low-German (Nider-Sächs) and in its old books, as in the Anglosaxon and Gothick; and different in the high German (Hoch-Teutsch). Or, if this be undertaking too much, I may, certainly, be allowed to know the words of my own language, when I find them in one or more sister-languages. My present pursuits are attended with more certainty than those of Hickes or Junius — they sought, in the first place, the parent of the English word; I seek its collateral relation through the Northern languages, and am, *afterwards*, less likely to mistake about the parent of all the family.

same identical language, derived, in the same way, from the same Anglosaxon: and the two languages, now, so continually explain each other, that neither of them can be perfectly understood alone.

This latter circumstance, of low German's being almost English, does not seem to have been at all known by Hickes or by Junius: and, as to the other idea, so far seems the high German from condescending to deduce its proud pedigree through *plat* German, that it will seldom suffer its haughty eye even to drop so low; though, if my idea be right, it cannot have any more pretence to call itself HIGH, than the child can have to think itself tall, because it is taken on the shoulders of its father. The parent-language may be stigmatized with the appellation *low*, but the *base* of a pyramid is its foundation and its strength(1).

They, who were born and have been educated in *plat* German, are often ashamed of their low origin, and pretend not to be able to read or to speak it: they who understand it, do not

(1) The Germans originally, I suppose, used HOCH, in this sense, referring to the situation of their country; as we say the *HIGHLANDS* of Scotland. Yet, they ought not, perhaps, to have opposed, in speaking of their dialects, *hoch* to *plat*. *Plat*, I imagine, did not mean *low*, but *broad*. The Greeks used exactly the same word (Theocritus 15. 88.) for the Dorick dialect, which too has a wonderful resemblance to *plat* German. Is *patois*, french, connected with this word? or with *pate*, old German? Livy was accused of » *patavinity* »; but from his birth-place, we are told.

In all events, we do wrong to translate *plat* and *hoch* by *high* and *low*: as we seem to use them here in the sense of degradation and elevation.

But we do worse than this. We take the German word *Deutsch*, with our pronunciation, and apply it to the inhabitants of Holland; whose language is not much further removed from ours than *plat*-German: in the same manner as, by *high* and *low* DUTCH, we originally meant, I suppose, German, tho' we now mean by it the language of Holland, which has not, I imagine, two distinct dialects.

The Germans very improperly also use the word DEUTSCH. It was originally written with a T, instead of a D; which marked their *Teutonic* origin.

know that it can boast as classical and curious a book as almost any language; with others perhaps, of the same kind, which I have not yet seen: and they, who know this valuable book, only read it, translated into (shall I admit *more* expressive?) high German, or by inferior poets, or both. The low German words are not permitted to defile any dictionary of high German; and there exists none of this ancient language: for Richey's in 1 vol. and that of Bremen in 5. by no means explain, together, the single book to which I have just alluded. Schilter's valuable work, 1728, is not what we want.

When we hear it asserted, and even argued, by the very natives of low German, that their language is the corruption of almost the present day, as we in England suppose that our servants have DEBASED *ask* into the ANGLOSAXON *axe* or *aks*; who will wonder that Adelung should write his great national dictionary, without (as appears; and as I am told the fact is) understanding any more of the language, which supplied, perhaps, all the best part of his own, than Johnson understood of German either high or low, or of the Northern languages (1)?

(1) Johnson, though he might not agree with Menage as to our Norman-french extraction, frequently travels to France, for words which are in all the Northern languages; and with more sameness of letters etc. than in French. William conquered our country, but our language set his victorious arms at defiance. Language seems often to pride itself on surviving repeated conquests, and almost the extirpation of a people; as if it existed in the soil of a country, and not in the mouths of its inhabitants.

During the American revolution, the idea was started of revenging themselves on England, by rejecting its language and adopting that of France. Had this taken place, the author of a dictionary of the English language could not proudly look to its being used, half a century hence, by fifteen or twenty millions of people more than exist to use it now.

To think in this way of a language, without which Adelung would scarcely have found a word to insert in his German dictionary, is as if we were to maintain that the following lines, in the language and manner of Chaucer, are not English, because they exhibit three or four words, upon which Fashion has, now, successfully or unsuccessfully, refined.

Bechanced it, on a Whitsun day,
That men the woods and fields did see
Green to stand, with leaves and grass:
And many a fowgel frolick was,
With songs, in hedges and in bowers.
The herbs now sprout out and the flowers:
They all full well reek, here and there.
The day was sheen, and weather clear.

The present letter, with your R. H's. condescending permission, and by means, as it has said, of your R. H., hopes to contribute to draw the attention of this country to low German; and to show the English the wonderful connexion between that language and their own: while, by thus making it more easy for the natives of each country to acquire the language of the other, it may mutually cause their ancient and modern classicks to be better known.

But I will not presume to take up much of your R. H's. time on this subject; though I shall be endeavouring to serve the language spoken both at St. James's and at Stutgard.

The following passage is the beginning of that low German classick, which I just now mentioned, and which I hold myself so fortunate to have met with here.

My readers will see, presently, why I print the passage with modern letters.

» Idt geschach up einen Pinxste dach dat men de wölde
 » und velde sach gröne staen mit loff und grass und mennich
 » vaghel frölich was mit gesange in hagen und up bömen de krüder
 » sprütten uth und de blömen de alle gants wol röken hyr und
 » dar de dach war schöne und dat wedder klar «.

This beautifully simple passage, MADAM, I have translated into our language, with exactly the same order of words, the same phraseology, and with so many, out of the 54 words, precisely the same, that I ought rather to say I have spelt the passage as if it were English, than that I have translated it into English. Nay, more; for I have taken the liberty to use a little deception. The passage is, in fact, verse, though I have here printed it, purposely, as prose; and I have made it English, MADAM, in the manner I say, though it be, necessarily, more difficult to translate, thus, such short verses, than any other. Indeed, it can scarcely ever be done, except when the language is the same; as from GOWER or PIERS PLOWMAN into modern English.

Perhaps it may not have been observ'd by your R. H., any more than by other readers of these pages, that such an incredible translation, as I mention, of the German cited above, has already been exhibited in the course of this very letter. In truth, MADAM, the 8 verses in page 9. are little more than the modern spelling of this (I had almost said) old English passage.

Let me, now, be allowed to print the two passages together, placing the English words under the German ones; and distinguishing the 6, of which it can alone perhaps be fairly said that they are *translated*: while, even among those 6, if *schach* and *chanced* be not related, 3 belong more to our language, than most readers will suspect. The remaining 49 German words, along with 3 pair of rhymes out of 4, will be found exactly English.

1. Idt geschach, up einen Pynpste dach,
It *chanced?*, upon a *Whitsun* day,
2. Dat men de wölde und velde sach
That men the woods and fields (did) see
3. Gröne staen, mit loff und gras:
Green to stand, with leaves and grass:
4. Und mennich vaghel frölich was,
And many (a) fowgel frolick was,
5. Mit gesange, in hagen und up bōmen.
With songs, in hedges and (in) bowers.
6. De Krüder sprütten uth, und de blomen:
The *herbs now* sprout out, and the *flowers*:
7. De alle gants wol rōfen, hyr und dar.
They all *full* well reek, here and there.
8. De dach war schöne, und dat wedder klar.
The day was sheen, and weather clear.

Before I speak of this passage, so singularly almost word for word English; and of the valuable German CHAUCER, whose poem begins with it; I will beg to prove, from one of the gravest and ablest German writers, that I shall serve his country by making the poem more known, at the same time that I shall at least gratify my own. This writer laments » that modern » and foreign books should be preferred by the Germans to » ancient ones, which are not to be compared in point of value » or of elegance »: he instances in this poem, which he owns has often assisted him to clear up the jurisprudence of his country: and he concludes with saying, that his countrymen would » find they possess a poem which deserves to be num- » bered with those of Greece and Rome, and which is a treasure » of many precious things, *if they could only be prevailed*

» upon to read it ». Heineccii Elementa juris Germanici.
T. 2. P. 5.

This praise, strong as it is, the German and English reader will find the poem amply to merit: and it may gratify your R. H's. correct Taste, to compare the German's elegant simplicity of description, in these lines, with the opening lines of Chaucer's famous Canterbury Tales; and to see two poetical landscapes, of almost the same scenery, painted by two poets who lived in the same age. With regard to the language — it is particularly curious that perhaps more modern English will be found in the German, than in the English passage; and that, if modern English words be fairly put in the place of the ancient ones, throughout these two extracts from contemporary poets in different languages, Chaucer will be less intelligible to his own countrymen, than the English reader will find the German poet.

Of the old English which I have used in my 8 lines, *to stand* is sufficiently intelligible; *fowgel* Hickes says was, then, used in Yorkshire, for *fowl*, and *foulis* will presently be seen in Chaucer; *reek* might, formerly, mean to emit *odour*, as well as *vapour*; and *sheen* is in Johnson's dictionary for *bright*, though he only derived the word from *shine*. Milton uses it both as an adjective and a substantive; and *sheen* your R. H. may perhaps recollect was the appropriate name of Richmond, when the sceptre of your Royal Father graced the female hands of the Great Elizabeth. As to *reek*—odour should perhaps accompany vapour in language, as it generally does in Nature; and, out of our verbs *steam*, *smoke* and *reek*, I know not whether the second and third did not originally express both ideas. *Rauch* is *smoke* in high German, and *riechen* is to *smell*. Both seem to be expressed by *duftenden* in Goethe and *duft* in Gottsched.

Of the 6 German words, for which I have not been able to use precisely the same English ones (*geschach*, *Pinxste*, *Bömen*, *Kruder*, *Blömen*, *gants*), *Kruder* is perhaps related to our *crude*; *Bömen* we have in our horn-*beam*, *beam* of a house, and perhaps *boom*; *bloom* Johnson shows in the sense of *blömen*.

Here follows the beginning of the Canterbury Tales.

When that Aprilis with his shouris sote,
The drought of March had percid to the rote,
And bathid every veyn in such licour,
Of which vertue engendrid is the flour.
When Zephyrus eke, with his swetè breth
Enspirid hath, in every holt and heth,
The tender croppis; and that the yong Sunn
Hath in the Ramm his halvè cours yrunn:
And smalè foulis mokin melodye,
That slepin allè night with opin eye —
etc.

Befell that in that seson on a day
In southwerk at the Tabberd as I lay etc.

It is, now, time to inform your R. H. what German book I have been speaking of: an information, which will be necessary, also, for many of my German readers; according to their countryman Heineccius, whom I have already quoted.

The book is REYNIKE VOSS (lowg.), REINECKE FUCHS (highg.); one of the earliest productions of German literature and of the German press. Caxton, also, printed REYNARD THE FOX 1481. This letter shall not be swell'd by copying what may be read either in Gottsched's edition of the poem, with a prose translation into highg., 4to. 1752—or in Floegel's » Geschichte der Komischen Litteratur ». 1786. vol. 3. p. 28 — 94. Nor shall this letter advise your R. H. to injure your modern and polite

German by a perusal of this poem in the obsolete and original language; if lowg. be the language in which it was originally written, for some suppose it translated from the French and some from the Dutch. Your R. H. may read it in the highg. of one of the best modern classicks that Germany can boast. His name will justify my bestowing my time on a book, which would render the taste of his countrymen more like his own, if it were read by men, as well as by children: but the pride of Manhood affects, here, to turn aside from the volumes of the nursery; as, with us, we seldom find grown gentlemen condescending to read what they thumbed when boys—the classical productions of Greece and Rome, and the sublime pages of the bible (1). The modern REINECKE FUCHS of which I speak will be found in Goethe's «Neue Schriften». Zweyter Band. Berlin. 1794.

(1) Perhaps this fact may suggest something with regard to early education. For we must allow that few amusements would call away an elegant mind, of a certain age, from a *FIRST* or a *second* perusal of the bible; were it only on account of the proud language of our translation.

I will throw out an idea, here, to English readers of every age (which may be tried also in other countries), respecting the pages of this sacred book and the classical volumes mentioned above. To the study of one of these two, either these pages or those volumes, our greatest English writers are *principally* indebted for their powers of mind and of words; and it is *not*, perhaps, to the volumes of Greece and Rome. The reader is at liberty to consider the lives and the language of Shakespeare, Spenser, Hall, Hooker, Cowley, Milton, Dryden, Addison, Pope, Young, Thomson, Collins, Sterne, Gray, Ossian, Johnson, Mason, Beattie, Cowper etc. Mr. Pitt's father, likewise, owed much of his eloquence to the bible; even Lord Lytelton, the orator, found it (as he told me) » of use in this respect »; and my eloquent friends Sir John Scott and Mr. Erskine value it for this reason, though not ashamed to read it for still better reasons. It will be found, in fact, that our principal classicks, particularly in poetry, were members of the profession which does not blush to read the bible; or were intended for it; or were the sons of clergymen; or were fond of the bible, from a proper sense of religion. The late Sir W. Jones, in his last letter from India to me about my dictionary, desired me to pursue this idea.

For other reasons I do not recommend the original to your R. H's. perusal. During the course of three or four hundred years, words change their meanings in all languages: and it is

Perhaps no volume, ancient or modern, can produce any thing superior, in its kind, to the following passage; which every reader will not immediately remember; and which my dictionary will exhibit at *forgat*, omitted by Johnson both in its place and at the verb *forgot*. The English dictionary should, in *every* instance, quote the book, which is the foundation of the English language. Had Johnson known that *day'sman* was used in Job. 9. 33., he would not have contradicted Ainsworth, about this word, upon the strength of a line in Spenser. The following passage might well have been quoted by him, whose affecting preface has caused so many tears to drop upon his unfriended dictionary. » Thou hast removed my soul far off from peace: I FORGAT prosperity ». (marg. *good*) Lam. 3. 17. I have no recollection what prosperity is — it has quite gone out of my mind that there is any such thing — I FORGAT prosperity. Highgerman — Ich muss des guten *vergessen*. Lowg — Ick moth *guder dage vorgēten*. Dutch — Ik moet het goede *vergeeten*. Swedish — *Goda daga* maste jagh *forgata*. Danish — Ieg maa *forglemme* det gode. Islandic — Eg hlyt ad *forgleyma* thui hinu goda. God help the man, whether dictionary-maker or not, who has known affliction long enough to cry out thus!

The bible will be found, also, to recall our old friends, the classicks, to the mind, in a thousand instances never yet noticed by commentators, however well acquainted with both. » The man that thought, a little afore, he could *reach to the stars of heaven* ». Macc. 2. 9, 10. » There appeared before them, on horseback, one in white clothing, » *shaking* his armour of gold ». Id. 11. 8. » There is a path which no fowl knoweth, » and *which the vulture's eye hath not seen* ». Job. 28. 7. With these passages, striking me as I turn over the leaves in search of another, it is grateful, to the classical reader, to recollect the first line of his Horace; many sounding lines in Homer; and Persius's *kite*, in the 4th. satire.

But readers of almost every description will find their account in returning to the perusal of a volume, of which they have long perhaps taken leave. I drop just now, on the second book of Maccabees, 5. 2, 3. an aerial vision of tilts and tournaments, which Milton I think imitated, but which female readers can perhaps remember is not improved either by his poetry or by Spenser's. Above all, the late Mr. Harmer's amusing and instructing volumes have discovered a new method of illustrating the bible; which all readers may pursue with considerable satisfaction, as they peruse any voyages or travels, not examined by the happy author of this satisfactory and new kind of commentary.

not necessary for a delicate Princess to read scenes of ancient humour, which it is the duty of the literary man to study for the history of language and of the human mind. Tastes, of all sorts, change with the times. The roastbeef-breakfasts of Queen Elizabeth's maids of honour would disgust those who attend upon Queen Charlotte, and even the gentlemen who wish them to resign their situations. Many parts of our own Chaucer are not to be formally recommended: but I must own that the author of REYNIKE VOSS appears to me, in many respects, equal, and even superior, to Chaucer; and, in *this* respect, I do not hesitate to say that he possessed a more correct judgement, a more formed mind and a more chastised taste. If I publish a collated edition (and it, perhaps, ought to be done by an Englishman, for the sake of both languages), I shall probably omit, or mark, the little which this poem contains in the style of some parts of Chaucer. All that little is, I think, altered by Goethe, very properly and very well.

Your R. H. will be gratified by observing that, in this way, the reading of females may be made useful to the religion of their country.

This note is longer than I intended, and it must be still longer; for, the last time I called upon Mr. Klopstock here, I asked the venerable poet how my idea about the bible applied to German writers: when he said, as to himself, if he had any merit for language, the praise was altogether due to Luther's wonderful translation of the bible — that I was at liberty to say so; and that he wished I would — » only », he added, » if you do not say it strong *enough* and give praise *enough* to Luther, the » grateful author of the Messiah will be *seriously* offended ».

My dictionary will show this, often, in our English writers — as when Thomson goes to the bible for *vex* etc. — when Gray owes to it his » gates of Mercy » (as Shakespeare did before him); his » *mansion* of breath »; and twice, in his few productions, the personification of the living lyre — with innumerable obligations of the same kind, in all our poets, which ought to be noticed for the sake of future poets. Johnson does not quote » Awake, thou lute and harp » (Psalm. 108. 2.) at either of the words; and Gray, as I remember, chooses to refer his reader, at » Awake, Eolian Lyre », to a Greek poet rather than to his bible.

But I may be allowed to say what Goethe seems not to have done well; since I have subscribed to his general reputation, and since he has a name that can lose nothing by the opinion of a foreigner, concerning one of his numerous works which is only a translation. Pope's Homer raises our countryman's poetical character (whatever Dr. Warton may think of that character); though we search the elegant and ornamented lines in vain, as we do those of Goethe, for the natural and unaffected simplicity of the original. Show and ornament are often proper; though the Prince of Wurtemberg will perhaps prefer the English female, whom his Highness is going to visit, in an unadorned, simple dress, prepared by her own natural taste, to all the splendour in which national finery and joy can array her, when she makes her bridal appearance at court.

On the praises due to those modern embellishments of thought and language, which the translator has introduced into the original, I presume not to decide.

On the merits of those ornamental repairs, which this elegant structure of antiquity has received from the deservedly popular taste of Goethe: whether the manner and style of the original building be preserved better or worse, than in Salisbury Cathedral or New College chapel; both of which I think your R. H. has seen since they were restored: I am not, in some respects, German enough to pronounce. But some things are the same in all languages. Nature and simplicity are without much difficulty recognised.

It was said of an Emperor of Rome, which while I am writing may belong to Buonaparte, that » he found it brick, but left it » marble «. Others may determine how far Goethe has left this edifice marble: I will venture to say that he found it as perfect a specimen of ancient and Dorick simplicity, as correctly chaste

and elegant a building, as your R. H's. classical taste ever planned for a rural fête near Windsor; and that he has not left it exactly in this state.

From a wish, no more culpable than mine in this part of the present letter (to enliven the dulness of such a subject for such a reader), he has certainly sought to use ornament and embellishment; though with more effect and less merited censure, I fear, than I.

The large folding page in this letter, MADAM, contains the beginning of the original, and of Goethe; and I thought it fair enough, to both, to take the beginning.

In the first column I have given the original text, from perhaps the *best* edition: as it seems to be the first » mit schönen » figuren », and is printed on a good paper and with a beautiful letter. This edition, in 4to., of which Floegel says » das Format ist nicht bekannt », I possess by the kindness of a German acquaintance. My copy has not the title, but the last page contains as usual the date — Rozstock 1539. With this I have been enabled to compare ed. 1572., which was never seen by Hackmann, Gottsched or Floegel; as they did not know the language of it. It is in lowg.; and it appears to be a faithful copy of my edition, as to the text, but inferior in the cuts and in other respects. The first 8 lines do not vary in a letter.

Col. 6., contains Goethe's modern version; which may easily be compared with the original. It can, then, be determined how far » hügel und höhn, in büschen und hecken « — » uebten » ein Lied « — » neuermunterten vögel « — » duftenden gründen « — and » festlich «, after » das liebliche Fest » — be improvements. Homer's » dogs and birds of every wing « (as in the bible) Pope I think translates, at the beginning of the Iliad — » devouring » dogs and hungry vultures tore «.

Col. 2. exhibits the old text given by Gottsched, not in the opposite page (as he should have done), but at the end of his edition of 1752. He used an edition of 1711, which he supposed was copied from the best of 1498. But I have given my reasons for thinking that my edition, of 1539, is perhaps the best. Gottsched was certainly not well skilled in the different old editions, as he owns his ignorance about some; and by a collation of only these 8 lines, any one, the least acquainted with old German, must see that they are evidently modernised, both in the spelling and the measure. From Gottsched's not seeing this, which is still more evident in other parts, I should much doubt his sufficient acquaintance with lowg. (notwithstanding his grammar) for the task he undertook—a doubt that I can also confirm by proofs.

Col. 3. shows the beginning of an almost verbal version into highg. 1545. This copy does not preserve all the beauties of the original landscape, as fresh and *green* as we have them in Nature.

Col. 4., Gottsched's *prose*, drops the same prominent beauty in the *colouring* of the scene; and does not, surely, preserve all the other beauties which the original boasts.

In col. 5., a translation into highg. 1650., every single beauty of the 8 original short lines is studiously destroyed in 13 long ones, which have all the effect of the modern suit of clothes in which the foolish maid dressed out one of Mr. Townley's most admired statues.

Little chance, however, had such genuine poetry, such a specimen of simple, unadorned beauty in the hands of an improver, who was capable of seriously rendering the following couplet by such a line (p. 18.) as I will show the reader along with it; even though *boot* should be a misprint for *both* or *bot*, messenger.

» De quadt deyt, de schuwet gerne dat licht.
 » Also dede ock Reineke de böse wucht— «
 Who ill does, he eschews studiously the light.
 Just so did eke Reynard the base wight—
 » Denn sein Gewissens Boot nichts gutes Ihm ansaget— «
 For his conscience's boat nought good to him said.

But, even in the hands of Goethe with his taste and Gottsched with his prose, poor Reynard too often suffers even worse than this, if possible. The poem loses many of the various treasures, for which Heineccius praised it; and much information, for which the gravest writers might be glad to quote it, as he did.

» Bynnen des Königes frede « — » so helpe my Godt » etc. would be as acceptable to the German as to the English reader.

My patriotic acquaintance here, Professor Busch, so well known for his publications on the trade of this city and of Germany, might suppose, from Goethe, or even Gottsched who translates *laken* by *tuch*, that Ghent was famous for its *linens* formerly; about which Charles V. punned to Francis I., boasting of Paris, that » he could put it all in his Ghent « (*gant*). But its trade was *woollens*, with which our Yorkshire now supplies Germany through this City (1). Goethe probably followed

(1) The English Post-office might do well to consider whether Hull be not a more natural port to Hamburgh than Yarmouth, whose roads with particular winds it is so impossible either to leave or to make. Though the distance would be a few hours more by land, some impartial judges imagine that from Hull the mails would pass with much more regularity. It would certainly serve the manufacturers of Yorkshire etc.; who would, no doubt, willingly pay, if required, the same inland postage as now, to have their letters come immediately from Hull.

In all events, the Yarmouth packets, particularly those removed thither from the Dover station, are notoriously too small for this service in the bad weather of the winter months. This may be depended upon, and ought not to remain so.

Gottsched, who was perhaps led astray by Frisch. Frisch's dictionary (2 volumes. 4to. 1741. German and *Latin*) is, in many respects, the *best*; only he seems not to understand lowg. well, and never to quote the lowg. bible, and very seldom even Luther's. The Bremen dictionary says at *laker*, 3. 5., »Tuch, »*insonderheit wollen* Tuch«. Is it connected with *lacken* highg? Arnold's highg. dictionary says »Lacken, *woollen* cloth«. The following passage I will beg leave to translate word for word, using the same English word whenever I can, without any attention to measure or rhyme.

» Here! Dat weten noch juwe besten mann,
 » De hyr nu synt und by my stan.
 » Here! Ick konde nicht, in eyner weken,
 » Alle dat quade, vor juw, uthspreken,
 » Dat Reinke, de lose und valsche Kumpan,
 » My tho leyde vele mal hefft gedan.
 » Ia! Were alle dat laken pergement,
 » Dat dar wert gemaket tho Gent;
 » Men schold et dar nicht in können schryven«. B. 1. C. 2.

SIRE! That wit eke your best men,
 That here now are and by me stand.
 SIRE! I could not, in a week,
 All the ill, 'fore you, outspcak,
 That Reynard, that loose and false companion,
 Me to suffer full oft has done («*do me to wit*« — old English).
 Yea! Were all the linen parchment,
 That there is made at Ghent,
 Men should it therein not be able to write.

Such is the reverend and Homeric simplicity of crafty Reynard's poet, when he deals in humour, as well as when he gratifies us with description; and such is the history of the whole book.

Whether we paint with colours or with words, the perfection of art is to know when to stop, when to hold the hand, when nature is satisfied. Another touch, even from the hand of a master, will often destroy the whole effect of a picture.

» In eyner weken », of the original, gains a little, from the prose pencil of Gottsched (» in einer ganzen Woche «); but Goethe is never weary of retouching this production of ancient art. I will copy the passage, from p. 8.: when it will be seen what Goethe has done; in addition to his making *woollen*, like Gottsched, *linen*; and to his dropping » *besten mann* », and missing much of the pompous humour in this short passage.

— — — — — Das wissen
 Alle Männer zu wohl, die hier und neben 'mir stehen.
 Herr! Ich konnte die Drangsal, die mir der Bube bereitet,
 Nich mit eilenden Worten in vielen Wochen erzählen.
 Wurde die Leinwand von Gent, so viel auch ihrer gemacht wird,
 Alle zu Pergament; sie fasste die streiche nicht alle.

Goethe certainly does wrong in one respect. He often suffers two animals to call *each other* » *Ohem* «; though all the dictionaries tell us that the word means, as it certainly does now, » *uncle* «. It must, formerly, have meant *relation* in general; and should be translated *Cousin. Brother, Cousin* etc. are still preserved in Royal addresses; and *Oheim, Schwager* etc. between German Princes. In the German papers the Prince of Condé is addressed at Edinburgh, January. 5, by his BROTHER from Blankenburg, » theuerster Cousin ».—A mere English eye would look, some time, at this adjective for our *dear*; but *theuer* is *dür* in low German, and *dier* in Dutch. » *Dür-loonsk* « is also » one who » sells his wares *dear* « (? *luunsk, läunisk*—*dür-loonsk*; as *weer-luunsk* lowg. *wetter-läunisch*, highg.).

Innumerable words and idioms, throughout this poem, most fortunately explain our language; and, very often, Germans, the best acquainted even with lowg., cannot understand this poem in their own language without the help of English.

The second chapter of the first book has this line —

Lavede he em tho leren synen TREDE.

Gottsched translates this » *versprach* er ihm, ihn seine » WEISE zu lehren ». p. 8. Goethe » wollt ihn allerley WEISEN » kurtzlich lehren ». p. 12. The version of 1650 » er *verhies* » ihm seine TRITT' aus der kunst zu lernen ». p. 26.

The Englishman, as in the 14th. chapter etc. for *ketyff* (not now in the German language), has nothing more to do than to spell the word in the English way — *caitiff* (brought by Johnson, most ridiculously, from *cattivo*, Ital.) and *trade* (from *tratta*, in the same language) (1).

Lavede appears to contain very happy humour. This poet, though using the same short lines as our Chaucer, seems much seldomer to sacrifice sense to measure or rhyme: almost every word has its particular force, and belongs to its particular place.

(1) So, in Scriptorum Brunsvi. Leibnitii (3. vols. folio. Hanover, 1711), precisely those words, which the learned Editor thought it necessary to explain to Germans, an English reader understands at first sight. Vol. 3. P. 4. » Speien, videre «; English, *spy*. P. 11. » vire, ignes «; *fire*. 14. » to mote, zu begegnen «; *to meet*. 16. » algader, alzusammen «; *altogether*. 29. » wringen, drücken «; *wring*. 30 and 18. » sibbe, consanguinitas «; *sib, syb*. 44. » gedüren, stabilire «; *endure*. 45. » raste, quies «; *rest*. 62. » storinge, des lern «; *stirring*. 75. » wilde, vagans «; *wild*. 81. » ser, antiq. vulnus, » Suedicè sor «; *sore*. 82. » Heil, gar, omnino «; *whole*. 92. » Recht pro rachete, » vindicaret «; *right*. 127. » Manne pro monde, luna «; *moon*, etc.—The historian of Europe, or of the human mind, will find curious materials in these volumes. The English Historian may consult 3. 614. for a curious account of the first visit of the Saxons, about an. 420.

Within a few lines of what I have just noticed, where the poet satirically makes a little dog »babble french« to the lion, »de klagede dem Könige up Frantsöss«, which would have pleased our late lion of English literature (Johnson); the verse afforded room for a monosyllable, and the satire is improved by »KLEYN hündeken«. But we find the monosyllable in only one of the three translations.

From what I have said of this curious poem, your R. H. and my readers may wish perhaps to know by whom it was written.

I know not whether Wollaston's »Religion« ever came into your R. H's hands. There is an edition of it, I think, in which all the valuable quotations from the learned languages were translated for Queen Caroline. The book contains a curious passage, I remember, about such fame as this world can confer, and about what in Pope's language is »the whistling of a name«. While we call it, however, to mind, and feel its truth, the fatherly kindness of God has ordered our natures so, that we act as if it were not true; most happily for ourselves, as well as for others.

The manner in which I have spoken of this poem, and in which I find it spoken of by German writers, may serve as a comment on Wollaston. I have not yet mentioned the author's name, and the Germans seem not to be certain of it. It is *said* to be Henry Alkmar: but his own countrymen are in doubt about it, and foreigners scarcely care about it.

The poem, however, will not die; and, if I do nothing more, it is possible I may contribute to make it live, and to point the taste of England, America and Germany to what constitutes perfection in all times and in all tongues, by giving an account of the whole, and translating its most beautiful parts. From the judicious choice of the heroes and heroines, this poem will never cease to please.

To translations from German, but particularly from early or from classical German, Johnson's just censure does not apply. Let it be compared with what I have chosen as a motto for these pages. The kind of translations I mean, especially when done as they ought, will contribute to restore the original Teutonic idiom. Of them Johnson did not speak, when he said — » If an » academy should be established for the cultivation of our style; » let them endeavour, with all their influence to stop the licence » of translators, whose idleness and ignorance, if it [*? they*] be » suffered to proceed [1755], will reduce us TO BABBLE A DIALECT » OF FRANCE ».

Johnson's preface will alone prove what I have all along asserted about dictionaries—that we are not to expect they shall fix language, when their humble business is only to register words.

If the author's mind would not stop to consult his own dictionary, while he was composing the preface to it; how are we to expect that other writers should find more patience, not only in sober prose, but in the frenzy also, of poetry? (1) The

(1) Johnson, at the word *shears*, expresses some surprise that Pope should dare to use that word, instead of *scissars*, about a Lady's hair. As the dictionary-maker and the poet were both then living, Pope could easily have written (by his friend Allen's cross-post), from Twickenham to Fleetstreet, and have asked Johnson's permission. But, when » *Fate* urged the *shears* and cut the sylph in twain », Belinda's poet thought of Lycidas's friend —

» Comes the blind Fury, with the abhorred *shears*,

» And slits the thin-spun life ».

Besides, Pope would not have done very wrong, had he disregarded the opinion of that dictionary-maker, who was destined to write, deliberately, of Gray's classical » say, father » *Thames* » — the river had no better means of information than the poet — forgetting that, without which none of all the Muses can exist; and even his own

» Panting Time toiled after him in vain ».

The fact, however, is, at last, that Poets delight to soar into regions far above groveling

dictionary does not show *babble* v. a., and some other words found in the preface—in that preface, which has so often dimmed the eyes of those, who can guess what it is to « provide for the passing day », by *such* mental exertions, « amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow ». Others have also spoken of the sweets of neglect and ill-usage, under this toil, which Scali-

dictionary-makers, where they form, in the language of one of the most lofty of their train,

» — — — — a fairy vision

» Of some gay creatures of the element,

» That in the colours of the rainbow live,

» And play i' th' plighted clouds — »

or, as Milton's master in language makes one of his characters say, of *the spirits of the wise*; » they sit in the clouds and mock us » (where Shakespeare perhaps borrowed his verb from the bible). — Your R. H.'s taste will be gratified by seeing an instance or two of Philology's foolish attempts to bind Poetry — as foolish, as if Gray's youngest successor at Eton were to hope, with his silly hand, to arrest the course of father Thames. Foreigners and our own Youth find the following explanations and examples, in our present national dictionary; without reading any thing to remove their difficulties.

» Bier — a carriage or frame of *wood*, on which the dead are carried to the grave.

» He must not float upon his *watery* BIER

» Unwept. Milton. » [Lycidas.]

» WELTER — to roll in *water* or *mire*.

» — — — — WELTERING [in *fire*] by his side

» The next himself. Par. Lost. » [l. 78.]

» FLOOR — a pavement is always of stone, the floor of *wood* or *stone*.

» — — — Look how the FLOOR of Heaven

» Is thick-inlayed with patens of bright *gold*.

Shakespeare ».

Milton, too, drowns his Lycidas beneath the *watery floor*.

So Milton uses » soil, brimstone, marle, flood, shore, deep, surge, plain, lake, » gulf, deluge, pool » etc. etc. for Satan's burning Hell.

Did Gray's brother-poets conspire to revenge the wrongs, which Johnson was to do to the author of the ELEGY? — But how, alas! shall any dictionary-maker be able to bind spirits so powerful and so airy? They will either slip through all knots, like Proteus; or cut them, like Alexander.

ger compares to the labours of the anvil and the mine. Is there a curse upon all dictionary-makers, in all periods? Are they doomed never to find, in the languages they adorn, words strong enough to express all the — — — — —?(1)

But words will be found in some language, to describe some of the offence I shall be deemed guilty of, if I waste any more of such time as your R. H.'s, upon a book in lowg., written so many centuries ago.

I will finish what I say, for the present, about REYNIKE Voss, with laying before your R. H. a much smaller poem; in a language almost as unintelligible as Alkmar's, though spoken by your R. H.'s countrymen, and used lately by a real poet, no doubt well known to your R. H. (2) While it shows the resemblance between Scottish

(1) » Je me soumets à mon sort, avec la certitude de n'en avoir rien mérité; j'oppose à » la nécessité la seule résistance que des âmes fortes puissent lui opposer — le courage » de la supporter». P. 4. of M. Lally - Tollendal's » *Defense des Emigrés* »; which, while I am writing, brings tears into my eyes for others — which the inhabitants of France should study, to learn justice; and all people, to learn eloquence.

(2) While this page is printing, a Lady of an elegant taste, here (where minds are enriched, *sometimes*, as well as pockets), obliges me with some unpublished lines by this poet. Every reader will join me in wishing that none but the two last may ever have the smallest reference to your R. H.

ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD.

Born in Peculiar Circumstances of Family Distress.

BY THE LATE ROBERT BURNS.

Sweet flow'ret, pledge o'meikle love,
And ward o' mony a pray'r,
What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
Sae helpless, sweet and fair!

and old German, and the effect which old spelling will produce; it may apologize for my employment, as the author meant it should account for his.

« To a rudoc, quha, sittand on a linden in the back courte of Magdalen College, Cambridge, constauntly treitet the editour with his sang, quhyle employit in copying thir poemes, Nov. 1784.

SWEIT menstral, quha, fra that bair linden neir,
Werblest thy notes November's blast amang,
Cumst thow to murne the makars beried here,
And chaunt thair *requiem* with Compassioun's pang?

November hirples o'er the Lea,
Chill, on thy lovely form;
And gane, alas! the shelt'ring tree
Should shield thee frae the storm!

May HE who gives the rain to pour,
And wings the blast to blaw,
Protect thee frae the driving show'r,
The bitter frost and snaw!

May HE, the Friend of Woe and Want,
Who heals Life's various stounds,
Protect and guard the Mother-plant,
And heal her cruel wounds!

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
Fair on the Summer morn;
Now feebly bends she in the blast,
Unshelter'd and forlorn!

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely Gem,
Unscathed by ruffian hand;
And frae thee many a Parent stem
Arise, to deck our Land!

Johnson might have served his readers more than by giving us, and *unexemplified*,
BORNICK, » a species of linen cloth, used in Scotland for the table ».

For, as the lonely monathren (1) his sang
 Ay luv'es to pure on Pity's egre eir,
 Quhair the auld castel yields to yeiris sere,
 Or the proud abbey spreads it ruins lang;
 Sa to give pious plaint to human wae,
 Deir bird, thow friend of mankynd! ay is thyne.
 And quhat mair murnful chance can mortals hae
 Than thair mynds' fruits, and haly fame, to tyne?
 But ceis! Nae mair is Fortoun now thair fae:
 And Fame may chance a gracious eir inclyne» (2).

If I were to write a sonnet to any bird at Hamburgh, it would be to one of the proud swans, that are seen in such numbers on the Alster; the healthy and «studious» banks of which Klopstock's «due feet never fail to walk», when the weather is fine. The classical birds seem to assemble, and to attend on the steps of this german Milton; as if confirming the elegant fiction, which pleased Bacon and which your R. H. may remember in Ariosto,

(1) This bird is found in England, and is vulgarly, but very foolishly, called the solitary sparrow. It is nearly of the bigness of a blackbird; of the same shape, and not much different in colour. The cock is most beautiful, being all over of a shining blue, or bluish purple, and very glossy. It usually sits alone on the tops of old buildings, and roofs of churches, singing very sweetly, especially in a morning. Two other kinds of this bird are found in the Archipelago, where they sing among the ruined temples; etc. the one of a dark ash-colour, in great esteem at Constantinople, as a singing bird: the other red with a blue head; the back and wings variegated with blue and red; the breast, lower belly, and tail, gold; the bill and feet black. See Brookes's very sensible Natural History, vol. 2. As they are found in Greece, a Greek name is given them, from two greek words, which signify *alone* and to *lament*. So singular a bird is an utter stranger to our poets. — It is known to Germany and the Northern nations under the name of the «hermit» or «the bird of misfortune». Linnaeus calls it «*Lanius infaustus*».

(2) See Mr. Pinkerton's very curious »Ancient Scottish Poems, never before in print», 2 vols. with a glossary, London, Dilly; and Creech, Edinburgh, 1786. Vol. 2. p. 433.

the great poet of modern Italy; and as if watching for the name of the author of «The Messiah,» in order to convey it to the temple of Fame. Bacon says (4to 1. 47.) — «Herein the invention of one of the late poets is proper, and doth well enrich the ancient fiction; for he feigneth that, at the end of the thread or web of every man's life, there was a little medal containing the person's name, and that Time waited upon the shears, and, as soon as the thread was cut, caught the medals and carried them to the river of Lethe: and about the bank there were many birds flying up and down, that would get the medals and carry them in their beaks a little while, and then let them fall into the river; only there were a few swans, which, if they got a name, would carry it to a temple where it was consecrated».

They, who have the happiness to know Klopstock, and who cannot fail to love the man no less than they reverence the Poet, will wish, of course, that his honoured medal may still longer escape Milton's «abhorred shears;» persuaded that, whenever it be cut, it will be consecrated by Immortality (1).

(1) Johnson, I know, talks, finely, in his preface, of «the dreams of a poet, doomed at last to wake a lexicographer»; and I, certainly, do not undertake to supply any thing omitted by my master, unless it depend on mere diligence and drudgery. but my book *shall* contain the finest passages in our best writers; the toil of transcribing which is more than paid by the pleasure; and, by inserting which, I shall both intersperse with verdure and flowers the dusty desarts of barren Philology, and make my book, in some degree for certain readers, *a general index to English literature*. This last idea, though I have always cherished it since it occurred to me, never struck my mind with all its force, as to the possibility and utility of it, till now. Without any English book before me, except Johnson's Dictionary and Francis Bacon's works; and without being able, easily, to refer to any, here; I have endeavoured, more than once, since I began this letter, to find a prominent passage by means of Johnson's quotations. It would be very easy in another dictionary, the author of which had laid down, and followed, a certain plan for quoting such passages: it is possible, even in Johnson's book.

Some readers will smile, no doubt, at this, after what I have been writing to your R. H.; when «The Messiah» is not

For example — I wished (though not altogether from gloominess) to see the whole of the passage in Milton, of which I only recollected the concluding line and a half quoted in the note at p. 25. I turned to FURY, where it certainly ought to be placed or to be noticed: but in vain — to BLIND (where Johnson has, *properly*, but less necessarily, quoted Milton), to ABBOR (perhaps ABHORRED should be shown, as three syllables, in this passage), to SLIT v. a. (where perhaps Milton would have corrected the explanation, «to cut *longwise*»), to SHEARS (where Milton would have come, well; after Shakespeare, with the «*shears* of Destiny, » and Dryden, with «Fate's sharpen'd » *shears*»), to LIFE (where he well records a female, and reminds his readers of their duty — though in a passage that would have stood better at *lives*, than the one he gives — «I'll «teach my family to lead good *lives*. Mrs. Barker») — but Milton's wished-for passage did not appear. At THIN-SPUN I found it; and, as Johnson gives the whole passage, he undoubtedly *felt* it. We may fancy that we *behold* him marking it down for insertion, at this word, in his dictionary; which was «dismissed» the preface says «from his GLOOM «OF SOLITUDE, with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from censure or from «praise». Yet Johnson lived thirty years afterwards; and a brewer and his wife (who will be remembered by Posterity, though they have, as yet, been scarcely thanked by Literature) did every thing, through much of that time, to cheer the gloom, in which we can see Johnson slowly transcribing these lines.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
That last infirmity of noble mind,
To scorn delights and love laborious days;
But, the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears
And slits the thin-spun life.

That poor lad, Chatterton, it is clear from his imitations in Rowley's Poems, often hung over this passage, and another gloomy one in Milton's Samson Agonistes: and I ought to have said so, in my account of him formerly.

Klopstock has *had* his «sudden blaze», and every thing that can well befall us, while we are «*pestered* in this PINFOLD here». He is, still, the same happy character that he was the year before I left school (Schriften von Helfrich Peter Sturtz. i. 322.). He, still, enjoys the guerdon of his fame; though the first part of his Messiah appeared *four years before I was born* — and I closed the sad accounts of my forty-fourth year in November last, amidst no common miseries arising from no common ill-usage.

only not written in platg. but is in the highest sort of highg. It is written, however, in a language, which shows the similitude between English and German, almost as much as old Alkmar's; and I will gratify your R. H. with some extracts from Klopstock's great poem, which shall, at the same time, prove this, and justify the praises I have bestowed on the venerable author. Let it not be said that I wish to employ your R. H.'s time, or even my own, upon lowg. only.

The first extract is a simile, of the sort most admired; where the real poet cannot stop himself, but continues adding to his picture, after the whole of the resemblance is made out. It is in the third *gesang*, p. 92. of ed. 1760. 8vo. and p. 83. of ed. 1780. 4to.

I have translated it in the same manner as the last passage from Alkmar; and your R. H. will wonder to see how our language bears almost every circumstance attending Klopstock's, throughout the whole of seventeen lines. While I am printing this, I am told that we have in England, besides the four poetical translations of Bürger's «Lenore», a fifth in prose, after the manner I use in this letter. I never saw it — I never thought such a thing was possible: and I can only say, when I found the experiment answer on Alkmar, I was surprized; but, when I tried the experiment, with the same success, on «The Messiah», I was astonished.

Let me request the favour of your R. H. to run over the English, on the right hand page, *first*; when it will be seen that the construction, though in German and poetry and even German poetry of the highest cast, is very little less intelligible than the Eastern tales in the Spectator, Rambler, Adventurer etc., or than Ossian.

From what I have shown, and am going to show, arise ideas, to fill many pages, on the manner of best translating sister-languages, and of learning them.

Those English readers, who know «The Messiah» only in our translation (which I have never seen and which I cannot find here), will please to take notice that the author of the poem thinks it has been translated into English still worse than into other languages, and worse perhaps than any book into any language. (1)

(1) The printer wants something to fill up this page; as the German passage ought to stand on the left hand, with the translation opposite. The space shall be occupied by what will be better worth your R. H.'s perusal, than any thing of mine — by a very characteristical letter from the author of «The Night-thoughts» to the author of «The Messiah», upon the interruption of that state of life into which we suppose your R. H. is going to enter. Klopstock addressed an ode «An Young» 1752.

«A MONSIEUR

«MONSIEUR KLOPSTOCK.

April 12. 1761.

«My much-valued and dear Sir» —

(The beginning speaks of Ebert, who *so well* translated Young; and of the family of Stollberg, to which Germany is at present indebted for its fraternal poets, who prove that we may be brothers by affection and by genius, as well as by nature)

«As for yourself, Dear Sir, I thank you for the melancholy, yet pleasing sight of your dear wife's monument. I read in it the Christian character of her husband. Its last word was the common salutation of the primitive Christians, when they met each other, RESURREXIT. Should not our hearts burn within us at the blessed sound? That word carries in it all our hope and joy. We shall soon bury all our other hope and joy, never to rise again. And shall beings, that have no end, prize any thing that has? Christ is indeed the truth, and the world a lie. Infidels believe it, and are undone.

«I love your Faith and virtue, I admire your Genius, I deplore your loss, I pity your distress, I pray for your prosperity, and shall be ever proud of your commands; being most cordially, as is my and your good friend Mr. Richardson,

My Dear Sir,

«Your most obed. and most humble Servant

«E. YOUNG.»

Mr. Klopstock has kindly favoured me with some other letters, both from Young and from the author of *Clarissa* (of whom we know so little), which shall not be lost to the world.

Also naht sich die Pest in mitternächtlicher Stunde
 Schlummernden Städten. Es liegt auf ihren verbreiteten Flügeln
 An den Mauern der Tod, und haucht verderbende Dünste.
 Jetzt liegen die Städte noch ruhig; bey nächtlicher Lampe
 Wacht noch der Weise; noch unterreden sich edlere Freunde, 5
 Beym unentheiligten Wein, im Schatten duftender Lauben,
 Von der Seele, der Freundschaft, und ihrer unsterblichen Dauer!
 Doch bald wird sich der furchtbare Tod am Tage des Jammers
 Über sie breiten, am Tage der Quaal und des sterbenden Winselns,
 Wenn mit gerungenen Händen die Braut um den Bräutigam wehklagt; 10

Wenn nun, aller Kinder beraubt, die verzweifelnnde Mutter
 Wütend dem Tag', an dem sie gebahr, und gebohren ward, fluchet;
 Wenn mit tiefem verfallneren Auge die Todtengräber
 Durch die Leichname wandeln, bis hoch aus der Donnerwolke
 Mit tiefsinniger Stirn der Todesengel herabsteigt, 15
 Weit umherschaut, alles einsam und still und öde
 Sieht, und auf den Gräbern in ernstest Betrachtungen stehn bleibt.

 1760.

— — — — Der Tod liegt auf ihren verbreiteten Flügeln,
 An den Mauern, und haucht um sich verderbende Dünste — 3
 — Beschattet von duftenden Lauben — 6
 Wo — 10. Wo — 11. Wo — 13
 — Bis hoch vom trüben Olympus —
 Und sich umsieht, und alles öd' und still und einsam — 16

So draws nigh the Pestilence, in midnight hour,
 To slumbering Cities. There couches upon her broad-spread wings,
 Beneath the ramparts, Death; and exhales destroying vapours.
 Now lie the cities, as yet, undisturbed : by his nightly lamp
 Watches, as yet, the sage; as yet, converse superior friends, 5
 Over unprofaned wine, in shelter of odoriferous bowers,
 Of the soul, of friendship, and of their immortal duration.
 But soon will frightful Death, in the day of affliction,
 Spread himself over them! in the day of quail and of perishing moans!
 When, with wringing hands, the bride for the bridegroom makes
 lamentation; 10
 When, now of all her children bereft, the desperate mother,
 Furious, the day, in which she bore and was born, curses;
 When, with hollow, far-sunken eye, the dead-buriers
 Through carcasses wander — till, high from the thunder-cloud,
 With deep-thinking brow the angel of Death alights; 15
 Wide all around surveys; all lonesome and still and desolate
 Sees; and, over the graves, in earnest contemplation to stand
 continues.

Variations.

- « — *Death* couches upon her broad-spread wings
 « Beneath the ramparts, and exhales *around him* destroying vapours » — 13
 — « *shaded by* odoriferous bowers » — 6
 Where — 10. Where — 11. Where — 13
 — « till high from *troubled Olympus* » — 14
 « *And around him* looks, and all desolate and still and lonesome » — 16

On this very Homerical simile I beg to say a few words, referring to the lines.

L. 1. pag. 35. *nigh*. I preferred this word to *near*; and I always study to use the English word, which is most apparently connected with the German one. *Near*, though derived from a word which might have been formed from the sound of the original of *nigh* (or v. v.), does not seem as much German as *nigh*. *Near* v. a., in the sense of the text, is not in Johnson; nor is it sufficiently dignified for this passage; but our sailors use it very commonly. I am not sure that I do not remember it in Milton's prose, who used in his poetry so many technical sea-terms. Johnson says, at *scull*, that «in Milton's style it means a «*shoal* of fish»: but it is so used in many of our provinces; an old paper upon whales, in «The Philosophical Transactions» (never I think quoted by Johnson, and which both require and would afford a dictionary), frequently uses it; and *scull* and *shoal* are only different pronunciations of the same word, like *ship* and *skip*-per etc.

L. 2. p. 35. *broad-spread*. Our English Klopstock, in «Paradise Lost», has a fine word, I remember — for he had not made voyages in vain, when he could see; and he well knew that naval allusions must both please and flatter English readers —

«His *sail-broad* pinions swifter than the wind». This happy composition does not appear in Johnson's D., at either of the words. — If the author of «The Messiah» wished his poem to travel into higher Germany, he was in some measure cut off from Milton's fruitful *sea*; for the highg. language has destroyed many naval beauties in platg., from not feeling their force. Platg. had *tide* (like us, formerly), both for *tide* and *time* — for the constant and imperceptible flux of duration; and for the regular and never-failing movement of the waves, which are the clocks and watches

of a maritime people: but highg. has not any word for this latter sense, and for the former they use ZEIT (ZIT, Teuton.). Perhaps their «HÖHE Zeit», and our «HIGH time», originally allude to TIDE.

Platg. had HÄVEN, for *haven* and *heaven* (our *haven*, *heaven*, brought by Johnson from Dutch, and Anglos. *over-head*, are platg.) — HÄVEN, for the place of happiness in another world; and HAVEN, for the place, in which a maritime people feel most happiness in this world: but highg. uses HIMMEL for this latter sense.

Johnson, at the word *cross-winds*, quotes a passage, which a maritime people feel in all its force. May your R. H. never think of it, either in your voyage hither or in your future voyage through life! «The least unhappy persons do, in so fickle and so tempestuous a sea as this world, meet with many more either «crosswinds or stormy gusts than prosperous gales ». Boyle. How frequently may a dictionary seize its readers by the arm, as it were; stop them, in some headlong course; and be of the greatest consequence to their happiness, not only in this fickle world but, in a far better! The cowardly suicide, in search of a strong word for his dying letter, may light upon this passage from Boyle; blush at his want of fortitude; and forego his purpose.

Wisdom, morality, religion, thus thrown down, as if without intention, before the reader, in quotations, may often produce more effect than the very passages in the books themselves; for the same reason that, in language, a metaphor pleases more than a simile, and, where similes are properly used, such a one, as this by Klopstock, more than one of a different sort. The human mind disdains to listen to what is magisterially inculcated, and pointed out by a stern ferula: it must be flattered into its good. It haughtily refuses to be driven along even a primrose-path; but it may easily be enticed into the most rugged roads, by contri-

ving that it shall seem to go by choice, whither it in fact is led. Without metaphor or simile, I have no objection to hazard the assertion — that a dictionary, with examples at the words, may, in regard to every branch of knowledge (and particularly *politicks* at such a period as this), produce more real effect, in the course of time, than the whole collection of books which it quotes. Did every thing depend on the passage just quoted from Boyle, and there *does* a good deal, a dictionary of the same language *might* throw it twenty seven different times in the way of its readers; since it contains just so many different words, the use of which, according to the plan of the dictionary, is to be shown by examples.

He might, hereafter, do some good, who should show, in a German dictionary upon Johnson's plan, the power of the word *edlere*; which some of their present dictionaries tell us means *noble*, *GEN-TEEL* etc.; and which Klopstock uses, in his Odes, without *Freunde*; by two lines from this simile —

— — — Unterreden sich EDLERE Freunde,
Beym unentheiligten Wein, im Schatten duftender Lauben,
Von der Seele, der Freundschaft, und ihrer unsterblichen Dauer.

L. 4. p. 35. *by his nightly lamp watches the sage*. Johnson seems seldom to have considered what the meaning of a word was; but to have examined the *PASSAGES*, which he or (as the late Master of Pembroke-college told me) his *assistants* had found, and then he explained the word so as to *fit* those passages — thus producing, often, a bad effect, in two different ways. At *nightly*, he quotes «*nightly sports*» from Dryden, and «*nightly dews*» from Pope; and he gives three explanations of the word — «done by night, acting by night, happening by «night»: but, as my lamp seems at first not to *happen*, *act*

or *do*, my use of *nightly* may be thought not sufficiently explained, and a German might suppose that I had used the word improperly. — Explaining the determination *ly* fully, in adjectives and adverbs, will be more to the purpose than *translating* particular words according to their sense in the quotations.

The following passage will illustrate, in my dictionary, a word not found in Johnson's. « It was well answer'd by Demosthenes «to his adversary, that told him his orations did *smell of the lamp* — indeed there is a great difference between the things «that you and I do by LAMP-LIGHT». Bacon's works. 1. 8. Johnson omits, also, to exhibit the phrase, *smell of the lamp*; which will not be applied to this letter, by a friend to either of the languages of which it treats, if it be likely to render services to either of them. Different readers will also remember, that, in trying to render services, we are not to ask ourselves which mode we prefer, but which mode is *most likely to succeed*.

L. 6. p. 35. *unprofaned*. Many resemblances make one think that the mould, in which Nature was pleased to cast our Milton, still remained, when she gave Klopstock to Germany. The passage we are considering is in the part of «The Messiah» which was *published* at the age of twenty four. Milton says of wine, in «Comus», the racy production of *his* youth —

Bacchus, that, first, from out the purple grape,

Crush'd the sweet poison of *misused* wine.

Germans are welcome to find a word equivalent to CRUSH, here. But, that I may leave the scales even, my countrymen may endeavour to express Haller's «ERNSTEN Ewigkeit», in his «Ueber die «Ewigkeit»; and Klopstock's «ERNSTES moos» in his «Die frühen «Gräber».

L. 9. p. 35. *spread himself over them*. The author told me that I had conceived his idea right, in this expression — a wild beast gathering himself up, at a distance, and spreading himself out, as he springs, like a net over his prey, so as to enclose the whole party within his four out-stretched claws. The Greek scholar will like to turn to Theocr. 25. 245., and the German's single word will be found to convey almost all the Grecian's description.

Your R. H. would like an edition of «Paradise Lost» with notes, not by Bishop Newton, who (I remember) says that «the dividing of Satan's sword in *half* (B. VI.) is VERY WELL expressed by *half* a verse», but by some one who had talked with the hoary bard about all his poem, as he sat in his favourite posture; which even Johnson's reverence describes (and I hope Hayley's) after an earlier biographer. Were I to remain in this city, I should like to gratify (I may say, as it would be no merit of mine) both English and German literature, by an edition of Klopstock's poem, with such notes, approved by him, as Language or Time or the subject may make necessary; and as may be best written by a clergyman, and by a countryman of Milton's — with the variations between the first and the last editions — and with a *verbal* translation on opposite pages. Such a book would, also, teach both countries as much of each other's language as «The Messiah» would contain.

L. 9. p. 35. *in the day of quail*. My present pursuits will enable me to enrich my dictionary with *some pages* of words, which HAVE BEEN in our language, and which are as much Teutonick as Johnson could wish, but which have long been lost. Many years ago, Klopstock well expressed his wonder that Milton's acquaintance with the history of his country did not lead him to take this method of serving its language and *his own muse*. *Quail* was, formerly, a word of much force; as, indeed, were

almost all our obsolete Tentonick words —

« To drive him to despair and quite to *quail*,

« He show'd him painted in a table plain

« The damned ghosts. »

SPENSER.

L. 10. p. 35. *with wringing hands*. This is one of the great proofs of the *utility*, and indeed NECESSITY, of English and German to each other. Klopstock himself, in translating this passage, for a grammatical purpose, into latin, could only say *striking together in agony* (« *complodens manus suas* ») — an English reader cannot help putting the English word. But it would be difficult to find an English word, expressing all the force of *wehklagt*, in this line.

L. 11. p. 35. I must beg to say a few words upon the comma, which in the German stands at *nun*, and in the English at *when*. — « Not mind a comma, Sir! » said Johnson to Baretti, when we were talking, one evening, over Johnson's twentieth dish of tea — « Sir, a comma is part of the heavy artillery of language; and a good engineer may place it so as to support or destroy a whole line ». — I remember that some editions, in the opening of *Comus* (perhaps the only English poem of any length, particularly calculated, *throughout*, for your R. H.s sex), place a comma at *low-thoughted care*, and some not — as, in *PENSEROSO*, some print *studious cloister's pale* and others *cloisters*.

Place Klopstock's comma *after* *NUN*; the mother is, still, *aller Kinder beraubt*, but the moment of final desperation and of frenzy is not marked — place it *before* *NUN* (*wenn, nun aller Kinder beraubt*); and who does not see the mother, patiently bowing to God's will? sorrowfully but silently resigning, at the call of Death, all her children, except the *last* and the YOUNGEST? and defending that *last*, with her whole body? — In vain! Death demands, and tears from her struggling arms, even this *LAST*! and the eye of Sen-

sibility beholds her, *wenn*, NUN *aller Kinder beraubt* etc. — Ovid's Niobe does not stiffen into stone, till Klopstock's NUN; till she sees the fall of her LAST child.

This dull dissertation is not useless; for the author agrees with me, and in ed. 1760. there is only a comma at *beraubt*. In the edition which is now printing of Klopstock's Works, I hope the lines will be numbered. Whatever modern printing may do better for us (and it does some things *much worse*), it neglects more and more the convenience of the reader. Books were not written that they might gratify the eye *at all*; and we may expect that soon they will gratify NOTHING ELSE. A Milton, who could even see, would not give much for the most splendid edition of his works, even on wire-wove paper, with words continually misprinted or with stops misplaced.

America is here *warned* and CONJURED to take notice, for the sake of the English language, how incorrectly all English books are now printed. The edition of our Poets, by the whole body of our booksellers, and Dr. Anderson's Scottish one, which is however the best, exhibit errors of considerable consequence in (I may perhaps say) every page; and, often, errors of the worst consequence, because they still leave some sense, though a wrong one. In both editions, I think, Dyer's RUINS OF ROME describes Cicero, standing «with hand *unpraised*, in act to speak before the «silent masters of the world», for UPRAISED. As Young says, somewhere — «these little things are great to little Man». (1)

(1) Accuracy does not seem to be more usual on this side the German ocean. I have before me Haller's Gedichte, «eifste VERMEHRTE und VERBESSERTE Auflage», Bern 1777; which I am told is the best, and which I find is the last. It has, *at the end*, «Lesarten in den ältern Auflagen» which are not the least *grateful* or USEFUL part of a classical book. My reverence for Haller led me to compare this ed. with what I happened to find here, «achte Auflage der siebendten gleichförmig,» Göttingen, 1753. That ed. contains a poetical address, with two prefaces and a postscript, which ought

Even my friend Mr. Cadell, after paying Hume liberally for the HISTORY OF ENGLAND, has not taken care that it should be correctly printed. Yet our printers can be sufficiently exact: for, as an English daily-paper would seem almost a miracle even to the inventor of printing, so appears even to us the accuracy with which the debates of the last night are prepared for our breakfasts. In sixteen columns of a newspaper I have frequently observed fewer faults than I have marked in one page of our poets.

to have been preserved; and the «Lesarten» are placed, much more conveniently, *at the bottom of the page*. But, besides this, the «eillte Auflage» is «VERMEHRTE und «VERBESSERTE» by misprinting words, and by omitting to notice «Lesarten» in Ed. 1753. The 29th. stanza of THE ALPS (and so the others) has *five*, which are not given in ed. 1777, and which would all contribute to form the young reader's taste.

Reputation for scholarship has been enjoyed, often enough, on both sides the German ocean, for only correcting with accuracy the text of a book in a dead language, which none use and few really understand — it would be still wiser, and ought to be still more creditable, if we employed this accuracy upon our own language, which we all understand and all use. Were it known what English or German production your R. H.'s taste preferred, some one I dare promise would be found to *begin* at least such a patriotick toil. The «société Typographique» at Berne gave a *handsome 4to* edition, in 1795, of their countryman Haller's «Alpen»; with Tscharner's french translation. But, besides other *goûtes* in this Swiss edition, they have taken, *for lines together*, variations which Tscharner did not use; so that they would often have given something more like a translation, had they opposed, to the German, particular lines in the TRAVELLER of our Goldsmith, who seems to have read Haller and to have remembered him.

As Haller was a Swiss, he might have observed, what does not, I find, strike Germans at first, that *greiss* cannot signify *an old man*, without much painting and perhaps a perfect simile. The word's very existence, in this sense, depends upon the idea of *grey* hairs; and, whether the etymologist can derive *greiss* and *grauen* from the same source or not, the poet should not perhaps have used them in the same line (The Alps, st. 29) — «Bald aber spricht ein *Greiss*, von dessen *grauen* Haare» — when the next stanza, too, begins «Ein andrer, dessen Haupt mit gleichem Schnee bedeckt». In st. 12. he uses «*graue Alter*»; for which I fancy Germans generally say *greiss*, without being sensible of all its beauty and force. — Shall I call it good or bad taste, that twenty years have passed away, without Germany's or Switzerland's calling for a 12th edition of Haller's poems? In Germany, some of Haller's countrymen (the Swiss-

America ought to know how much may depend on accurate printing; for I find, from the books of my very valuable friend the American Consul here, that the secretary of state directs sworn clerks to collate the printed edition of the «acts of Congress» with the original rolls, and formally signs his name to a list of the verbal variations etc. See the end of the 1st session, 1791. 2d. p. 406. and the end of the 3d. session. Were this the case with us, Lord Kenyon would not have had an opportunity, since I began this letter, of properly paying a compliment to the accuracy of Mr. Abbot; who will be permitted, I hope, to render our country those legal services, for some of which I publicly offered myself, and was presented to his Majesty with the approbation of Lord Chancellor Thurlow, before I quitted the bar in 1780. Mr. Abbot will like to turn to 3. Congress. C. 115., approved 3 march 1795. Till much of Mr. Abbot's able REPORT be carried into execution, Great Britain boasts in vain her laws. From that report, it does not appear that this NECESSARY business can be in better hands. The reasons, which my publication assigned in 1780, have been rendered still stronger, while my time, not accepted by my country for that purpose, has been voluntarily employed on another national work. I have told the author of the REPORT, that all Mr. Lind's papers, and mine, are at his service; if parliament ever choose to believe Lord Verulam under James, Mr. Lind in 1779 and Mr. Abbot at the close of the 18th century—that laws should be *arranged* and should be KNOWN. (1)

Grisons) are called «die Graubünder»; because in alliance with the united cantons by a «*graue bund*», by a GREY *bond*, by an ancient treaty, I suppose. And this is *one* of the different ways in which it can be shown that words contain the HISTORY of those who speak them.

(1) This will be read at Petersburg; and, if the King of Poland should see it there, I request his Majesty to believe that I have not forgotten the kindness and condescension which I had the honour to experience, in 1780, on the death of my friend Mr. Lind,

England would do well to follow the example of Bavaria: the services of such men as Count Rumford and Mr. Abbot are not offered to a country every day.

L. 12. p. 35. *the day in which she BORE and was BORN.* Johnson explains *born* well, but it may be a question whether he ought to have inserted «To be *born* v. n.». The English D., however, should certainly instruct foreigners and even natives that, when this word signifies simply *carried* etc., we both spell it and pronounce it differently — *borne*. This line in Klopstock will cause the reader to observe, what most probably has never been so plainly seen before, the history of *born*. Without the German before him, to teach this, an English writer would never perhaps have expressed Klopstock's thought so shortly.

Are any of my countrymen ambitious of knowing how to turn and twist words in poetry, or to wield them in eloquence? Let the German language be studied. Indeed, independently of other material advantages, an early acquaintance with *various* languages

the Count Rumford of Poland. The English nation has felt, lately, for the fate of a monarch, who has ever shown such attachment to it; but no Englishman, I trust, has felt more than the present writer. — Various circumstances, which do not seem to have reached England, mark, *already*, the new reign of Paul I. as promising much, not only to Russia, but to the disturbed and shaken world in general.

I am confident that I shall not give offence by presuming to take this opportunity of printing, for the sake of mankind, the following words, in a letter from one of the most amiable of [monarchs to a great man's widow. It is too deeply engraven on my heart for me not to remember it perfectly. «— Half the pension, which I allowed to Mr. Lind, «I have continued to you. To day go from hence, to M. Bukati letters to this effect. If «congenial sorrow can sweeten yours, take mine; and be assured that no one feels «more sincerely for your loss, than

«your affectionate

«STANISLAUS AUGUSTUS, KING.»

is the best way to acquire readiness of words and of ideas, as well as to strengthen the memory for other duties (1).

(1) Education ought to change along with the times, in which we live, and to adapt itself to them. If we persist in the same modes, whatever may be the history of mankind, we act still more ridiculously, than when we destine all the children of a family to the same school, or devote all the boys of a school to the same Greek and Latin. The present history of the world, which our education has contributed to bring about in more instances than one, calls loudly for a change in the early management of our boys at least. Parents may reflect and *improve* on what follows. A system of education will not be expected in a hasty note.

1. Strength and hardiness of body and MIND (what parent has attended enough to one, OR AT ALL to the OTHER?) — 2. Use of the organs of speech, in preparation for modern languages (a *small* book is WANTED, with a few pages containing sentences formed of the words most difficult to be pronounced in the different languages; and placing the words so as to add to the difficulty of pronouncing each; and using all the different alphabets, which, as in Gothick, Hebrew, Persian, German etc., alone deter learners) — 3. Habits of pleasures and employments, which are always in our own power — 4. What we call arithmetick, and chess — 5. Bodily exercises, swimming etc. (even Francis Bacon recommends tennis) — 6. Habits of personal cleanliness, which assists purity of mind — 7. Modern languages, *beginning with the most difficult books* in each — 8. Logick and Mathematicks (the whole science of arithmetick) — 9. Greek and Latin. — This would not be exactly spending almost 19 years, on the foundations of our three great schools, with, too often, scarcely any of all this, except, swimming, cricket, and perhaps a little Latin and less Greek; without Logick enough to determine on the accuracy of a simile; and with a head full of republican and revolutionary sentences, but a body ill calculated to stem revolutions, and a mind prepared to make us sink in them.

If Locke's sensible treatise on this subject, though in very different times, be too serious for modern reading, which in Germany as well as in England seldom rises above the study of novels, magazines, reviews and newspapers; a curious and instructive anecdote, frequently related by George I. or II., will be found in the preface to our Postlethwaite's « History of commerce ». It relates to a former revolution caused by the conduct of the Duke of Alva, and is about the middle of the preface on a right-hand page. I am glad that it happens to be in a book belonging to commercial characters as well as to others, for even merchants have not been in habits of attending sufficiently to modern languages in the education of their sons. Milton wrote upon education; and he, also, wrote letters (in latin), for the Commonwealth, to this city. Were he, now, to write, either to Ham-

The following lines will prove how possible it is for my countrymen to acquire even perfection in the German language.

burgh or to London, he would, certainly, on commercial grounds only, recommend a greater attention to modern languages. How many London-merchants know, or bear in mind, that every member of the English Company here, which never perhaps boasted more respectable characters, forfeits all his desirable privileges, if he should take a partner who is not English? Yet, how many London-merchants have caused their sons to understand German, which the young gentlemen and their mothers and sisters would be so ashamed of in Bond street, but which is now so NECESSARY in the commercial line?

Let me do all in my power, by saying that my friend, Professor Lichtenstein, here, may be prevailed on, by a proper reward (and what do we pay for, worse or more unwillingly, than education! I don't mean of our POINTERS or HORSES), to take charge of a boy or a young man, either for the commercial or any other line. It would require a much longer voyage, than from Hull or Yarmouth hither, to find a foreigner, better acquainted with English; a German, more learned in *his own language* (another defect in all modern education); or a deeper scholar in Greek, Latin and the Oriental languages (by which last the Professor may be particularly useful to any one going to India). The fondest mother would, at the same time, be well content to trust her favourite child both with Professor Lichtenstein and with his family.

The best German grammar for Englishmen is my friend Dr. Wendeborn's English one; and I am glad to be able to inform the publick that he has just finished printing a volume of very useful EXERCISES, which will soon appear. In dictionaries my countrymen will, unfortunately, find the German language miserably defective. The best only rise to the appearance of having been prepared by Germans, who understood a little of English; assisted by our old glossaries, and perhaps by some discarded English servant — for they abound in words which we never *hear* perhaps, but which we certainly never *READ*. The following is a specimen from what many suppose to be their *best* dictionary, and what is one of their last. The specimen will be useful to Germans at least, in order to show what sort of low, or obsolete, or false English they are content to be taught, and how they suffer their language to be explained to us. I only turn over the book (Ludwig's, the largest, in 2. vols. 4to, is still worse, in these respects, than all the rest; of which, however, it was the ground-work). « Beschmauchen — *to besmoak, befume* ». « Ein eckeler Mensch — *a loather, a distainer* » (*disdainer* I suppose, but then hardly English). « Flade — *a flaun* ». « Maculatur — *maculature* ». « Bruch — *burstenness* ». « Nachtrab — *the arrears* ». « Nebelkrähe — *a ROISTING crow* » (? Royston). « Neidisch — *ill-willed* ». « Nettigkeit — *properness* ». « Aufs neue wieder krank werden — *to GET a RECIDIVE* ».

They were addressed to a young Lady, very lately, at Weimar, upon the author's quitting her, in order to go to England and prevail upon his father to grant that consent to their marriage which he had hitherto refused. Young readers are desired to observe the beauty of the repetitions, which, when intended and properly managed (as in a passage I shall give presently from Klopstock), produce the finest effects. The author appears to

«Offenherzigkeit — cordialness». «Ohr oder Ortband — the chape». «Paussbackig — «blub-checked». «Raunen — to round something into one's ear». «Reckel — a hum-drum, lungis». «Ruckern — to crookel». «Schmarotser — a smell-featt, a spunger». «Schweifen — to chamfer». «schweifig — chamfered, camerated.». «Stiefelfischer — cokers». «Verbrüdern — to CLAP UP a brothership». «Vernüglich — contentiful». «Verwohnen — «to faddle». «Weissagen — to prophesize». «Weit berühmt — celebrated». «Zuschlag — «ADDICTION of goods to the highest bidder». «Zwiebelchen — chibbols.». Among these curious words the few, which are in Johnson, have stood there, formally *disapproved* by him during almost half a century. Yet from such dictionaries as this a judgement is passed upon the immortal language of Shakespeare, and the Germans flatter themselves that they are learning English. Nor is the *pronunciation* of those Germans who have not been in England much better; which they themselves will not be surprized at, if they recollect by *what sort of characters* they have often been taught the language. As to the trash copied here — it is about as much English as it is Kamskatchan. Alkmar's «kleyn hün-deken» from England would understand our language better. — With regard to grammar — the Germans have still something to learn, as well as all of us. Among the following *prepositions*, which I collect from all their grammars, your R. H. will, I am sure, immediately see how many deserve to be called by this hard grammatical name or indeed by any other. «Le maitre de la langue allemande», built upon Gottsched, is particularly instructive. It says, ed. onzième, Strasbourg 1794., that such of the following (all perhaps) *parts of sentences* as the grammar inserts, are *prepositions*; and that *prepositions* are «de petits mots inflexibles ou indeclinables, qui regissent le genitif» etc. But, in the first «petit mot» (and so of the rest, which I find in this grammar and in others), *statt* is governed by the *petit mot AN*; and *meiner* is in the genitive case, because it comes after the substantive *statt*, and not because of the «petit mot» *anstatt*. I will print the curious list of German *prepositions*, now; and I hope to show, hereafter, how our grammars, as indeed *every thing which concerns our different languages*, are mutually NECESSARY to each other.

possess a readiness as to languages, both ancient and modern, which I have never known equaled, except by the late Sir William Jones; so that his countrymen must not expect, soon, to do as much as he does in German, nor Germans as much in English—but we may, all, do a great deal, in languages which bear such a great resemblance to each other. (1)

Your R. H. will not perhaps recollect an instance, in any language, of matrimony's being preceded by lines much more tender, more delicate or more *appropriate*. They are not, as Johnson well said of some epitaphs, love-verses *to be let*.

Die ihr die Wege der Unschuld bewachet, ihr Nymphen und Silphen,
Sorgsam bewahret den Schatz den euch die Götter vertraut.

1. Anstatt meiner — des Vaters.
2. Besage dessen.
3. In Beyseyn meiner.
4. Disseits des Flusses.
5. In Gegenwart meiner.
6. Halben, halber seines Worts.
7. Jenseits der Brücke.
8. Inhalts dessen.
9. Kraft des Königs Vollmacht.
10. Laut seines Willens.

11. Vermittelst eines Briefes.
12. Vermöge seines Amtes.
13. In Vollmacht seiner.
14. Um des Himmels willen.
15. Unangesehen der Gefahr des Krieges.
16. Unerachtet aller Schwierigkeiten.
17. Ungeachtet aller Hindernisse.
18. Unweit des Dorfes.
19. Während des Krieges.
20. Wegen meiner Krankheit.

(1) How accurately it is possible for a German to understand English may be seen in the volumes of a writer, whom on many accounts I lament not to find still living. Ebert has translated in prose Young's *Night-thoughts*, and even his *Satires*, with a happiness and a fidelity scarcely credible. His curious and valuable notes also contain a treasure of ENGLISH, as well as other, learning: and to some of them I shall be obliged, both as an English lexicographer and as the author of the life of Young; but much more when I print, which I intend to do, an edition of Young. — The character so universally ascribed to the Duke of Brunswick, for talents, information, scholarship and something which is worth them all, appears less extraordinary, when your R. H. is told or reminded that the care of his Highness's education was intrusted to two such learned and *amiable* men as

Euren Sorgen befehl' ich das Mädchen, das ich so liebe
 Wie noch keiner geliebt: laßt ihr begegnen kein Leid.
 Wehet mit dienstbaren Flügeln die Sehnsucht meiner Seele 5
 Und die Stimme der Lieb' hülfreich und tröstend ihr zu.
 Saget ihr auch bisweilen, doch leise, daß sie beständig
 Sey dem Beständigen, stets sey dem Getreuen getreu.
 Seyd ihr Geister der Ruhe, des Friedens Geister! Bestärket
 Ihren wankenden Muth; trocknet die Thräne ihr ab. 10
 Dann veracht' ich das Toben des Meer's, die brausenden Winde
 Und das Dräuen des Feinds; alles veracht' ich um sie.
 Und so eil' ich getrost in meines Vaters Umarmung,
 Zeig' ihm das Elend, das er könnte verwandeln in Glück;
 Zeige den traurigen Sohn, der sucht nach Jahren der Wehmuth 15
 Daß er ihm gönne das Glück, das ihm der Himmel bestimmt.
 Flehe den Vater um Gnade dann an, und daß er mir gebe
 Mich des Lebens zu freu'n, wie er das Leben mir gab.

Jerusalem and Ebert. Ebert's five volumes of Young (of which he finished a new ed. just before his death in 1795) should be in the hands of all German and English readers, who wish to be half as well acquainted with either language as he was with both. They would do well also to compare, when they have an opportunity, his first and last editions; by doing which with Hume's *History*, I have been enabled materially to serve my own language. They will thus have Ebert's opinions, at the distance of 40 years and of 20 years: as the first edition of his translation of the *Night-thoughts* was in 1751, and the first of the *Satires* in 1771. He began to print the last ed. in 1790, and it was finished in 1794 (for, in Germany, the first volume of a set of books displays his priority and his national pride of pedigree, by walking forth alone; not waiting even for his next brother). By the variations of what I have taken as a motto to this letter, we find, among other things, that *Thema* is not good German, but that *Stoff* should be used for *theme* Eng.: indeed the dictionary which I have noticed does not give it, but at *theme* we find *das Thema*. The variations, between Ed. 3. 1756, and Ed. 1790, 4, in the five beautiful lines which open the *Night-thoughts*, teach us more than five things of much consequence. — The English, on the opposite pages in this edition, seems to be printed with remarkable accuracy; which might not be suspected, when one of the few misprints is, unluckily, in the very first line.

Geh't — ich habe gesiegt — ich höre die Worte: es sey denn

Drücke an mich das Herz, das mir so väterlich schlägt;

20

Kehre dann freudig zurück, und theile die künftigen Sorgen

Und das künftige Glück meiner Geliebten mit ihr.

L. 13. p. 35, *dead-buriers*. This is a compound word, which perhaps our language will not bear. — I do not mean to apply it to Klopstock, but I am told, and I can see, that the German language is too fond of what is perhaps its striking beauty, its power of composition. The friendship of Gil Blas to the Archbishop is continually of use. Your R. H.'s attendants are not suffered to cover the whole of your head-dress with diamonds.

L. 15. p. 35. It is singular that *stern* in English, which Johnson brings from *steer*, should have an opposite meaning to the German *Stirn*; «the *hinder* part», as of a ship, a dog etc. This I observe sometimes, in my present pursuits; and, did I choose to trouble your R. H. with it, the philosophy of language might, both usefully and amusingly, explain this in many instances. An English-German grammar should give a list of such words.

— So much for this grand and classical simile, and for the wonderful manner in which the 17 lines are English, through the *whole* of their construction etc., as well as a poem printed more than 300 years before. It will be found, I fancy, that, in these 17 lines, I have only, in the first, said *draws nigh*, instead of *nears herself*; and, in l. 9., changed the place of *himself*. *Pestilence* is raised by our bible above *Pest*, and an old German Chronicle (1484) uses it (1). What we translate, Psalm. 1. 1., «the seat of the

(1) The passage is curious.

In duffem iare do was eyn grof pestilenzien hyr in duffen landen. To Bruns-
wick mostem de steyn wege up roden uppe den kerckhouen. Dat starff in allen landen
steden vnde törppen, besunder in der stad to Embeke, dar was dat starven des vor iars

«*scornful*» is, in the old Teutonick translation (Notkeri Ps. p. 1., following Otfredi Evang. in Schilter's Thesaurus vol. 1.), from

Odē hadden de van Rige einen swaren Rrich mit dem orden unde se all vnder breken unde
 ör borge (?berge) vorstorden.

This valuable Chronicle begins with «In dem anbegyune schop got hyemel und erde», and it ends with the year 1489. It was printed (geprent) 1492, in the first printing-house, by Peter Schöffer (ein Anefank is der prentery). Schöffer was son-in-law to John Faustus, the supposed inventor of printing. A copy is in the library at Hamburgh. The language is lowg.

I had transcribed from it some curious passages, when I found that Leibnitz very judiciously reprints it, the 14th. article in Script. Brunsv. vol. 3. folio. Hanoverae. 1711. p. 277. It is my duty, however, to say, that, on collating his book, in various places, with the first edition, which he used, I find the spelling of the words often altered, and even words omitted, by the negligence of his transcriber, notwithstanding what he says, (vol. 3. p. 10.) of this «opus Egregium» («suppletis, quae resecta; restitutis, quae «mutata»). In the short passage, just cited, there are six errors at least; and two, in the eight words with which I have said the Chronicle begins. It may be proper, therefore, for any future Ihre, Haltaus, Wachter, Fulda or Schilter, not to argue upon the pages of Leibnitz, whenever the *original* can be consulted. So, in our History of English Poetry by the late Mr. Warton, I have not found one line, of the many I have collated, faithfully transcribed; the spelling is, often, not only more modern, but, like Chatterton, more ancient; words are altered; and, sometimes, as on examining the same edition of P. PLOWMAN which he used, every word in a line differs. — A single letter is frequently of consequence, if only for the purpose of suggesting something. From seeing *leech* (physician) spelt *lech* in Chaucer, it occurred to me to correct Johnson, who in the D. explains *lech*. v. a. and the following line in Shakespeare by «lick over,» when he should say *heal*, or *medicate*, or some such word — I forget the context.

Hast thou yet *lech'd* the Athenian's eyes

With the love - juice?

Very often the confused eyes of the etymologist are *leched*, by seeing the same word spelt as differently, as was usual with the early periods of writing. In Schilter's Otfrid. Evang. the auxiliary verb *have* occurs *ich haben, haban, habon, habo, haba, habu, habbin, habbo, havon, havan, havo, hava, havu* etc. — I am not accountable for the accuracy of my quotation from Chaucer, p. 13.; as I could only, at Hamburgh, transcribe from Johnson's meager and insufficient «History of the Engl. language», prefixed to the D.

mistaking the Greek, «an demo *suhlstuole*», in the *pest-stool*. The Teutonick interpreter makes a distinction between Pest and Pestilence. «*Pestis* chit latinè *pecora sternens* (fio «*niderslahinde*) — so *pestis* sih *kebreitet*, so ist iz *pestilentia*; «i. e. latè *pervagata pestis* (wito wallonde sterbo)». Ib. *Wallonde* seems to have been a very strong word, signifying to *boil*, to *burn*, to *rage like a fierce fire*. The prefix *nider* gives force to *slahinde*, our *slay*. In Teutonick, *slahta* is much more exactly our *slaughter*, than the Anglosaxon or German words given us by Johnson or his translator Adelung.

In taking leave of this passage, I will present your R. H., and my English and German readers, with a specimen of pure eloquence, if not of poetry, drawn from the depths of one of the ancient WELLS OF ENGLISH UNDEFILED. It is in the prose works of Joseph Hall, Bishop of Exeter, our first English satirist and letter - writer. The library of this city boasts two copies, though, as I remember, we do not find one in the Bodleian; and neither German nor English readers, of either sex, will lose their time in searching for this passage, as every page perhaps contains others equally fine: in all events, they may drop upon another, which says — «as-
«sure yourselves, that, were idleness enjoined by law, there would
«not be wanting those who would pay the mulct that they might
«work».

The passage, of which I have been speaking, is in a sermon, not long after the great plague; when the Angel of death allowed no time for *graves*, but a hasty PIT was dug, in order to contain half a parish. After reading this specimen of what our taste and our language could do under the great female reign, your R. H. will like perhaps to change my *graves*, at Klopstock's last line (*Gräbern*), into PITS.

«Remember those forrowful times, when every month swept
 « away thousands from among you; when a man could not set
 « forth his foot, but into the jaws of Death; when piles of car-
 « cases were carried to their *pits*, as dung to the fields: *when*
 « *it was cruelty in the sick to admit visitation*; and LOVE WAS
 « LITTLE BETTER THAN MURDER. By how much more sad and hor-
 « rible the face of those evil times looked, so much greater
 « proclaim you the mercy of God, in this freedom which you,
 « now, enjoy: that you, now, throng together into God's house,
 « without fear; and breathe into one another's face, without
 « danger ».

No reader will regret, if I take an opportunity, from the
 tenderness of thought in this passage, to print (for the first time)
 a beautiful ballad; which I well remember among my papers, and
 which well deserves *setting to musick*. I have it in the handwri-
 ting of the famous Sir William Temple, with letters etc. belonging
 to him. It seems, whoever wrote it, to allude to some new act
 of parliament or legal determination.

Wake, all you dead! What, Ho! What, Ho!
 How soundly they sleep, whose pillows lie low!
 They mind not poor lovers, walking above,
 On the decks of the world, in the storms of love.

No whisper, there, no glance can pass,
 Through wickets or through panes of glass;
 For the windows and doors are shut up and barr'd.
 Lie close in the church, and in the church-yard!

In every grave, make room! make room!
 The world's at an end! We come! We come!

The state is, now, Love's foe, Love's foe;
 Has seiz'd on his arms, his quiver and bow;
 Has pinion'd his wings and fetter'd his feet;
 Because he made way for lovers to meet.

But, oh! sad chance! the judge was old.
 Hearts cruel grow, when blood grows cold.
 No man, being young, Love's process would draw.
 Ah! Heavens! that Love should be subject to law!

Lovers, go woo the dead, the dead!

Lie two in a grave! and to bed, to bed!

But Klopstock, also, knows how to be tender; and even in a poem with such a title and such a subject as THE MESSIAH. His pencil does not excel in sublimity alone. It gives us, likewise, pictures of the most simple, pastoral kind; and by which, at the same time, some of the best passions of the soul are most dramatically and tenderly affected — pictures such as seldom come from any pencil, and scarcely ever from one that can be called sublime.

In contempt of that cold caution, which we are warned ought always to introduce what we mean should be approved, I do not fear to say, without any reference to religion, that an elegant eye will scarcely behold what Klopstock's pathetic muse has made of a few words in the bible, without being affected even to tears. I dare appeal to my friend Flaxman, our classical artist; who can judge so well of mental productions, whether in colours, in durable stone or in still more durable words; whose late sensible letters, on the treasures of Rome, have reached, I will hope, Buonaparte; and who, like the poets and orators mentioned in the note p. 14., does not blush to have improved his genius by studying the bible — I dare challenge the scholar and the sculptor,

who executed Collins's monument and is employed on Lord Mansfield's, to point out any thing much superior, of the same kind, in ancient or in modern art (1).

In the following slight original sketch, of only a few strokes, little can be found, for *admiration*, by the most curious eye either of Poetry or Painting. Yet of this has Klopstock's magic pencil made a most beautiful and affecting picture.

« After that, Jesus appeared, in another form, unto two of them, as they
« walked and went into the country ». *Mark. 16. 12.*

« And, behold, two of them went, that same day, to a village called
« Emmaus. And it came to pass that, while they communed together and
« reasoned, Jesus himself drew near and went with them. But their eyes
« were holden, that they should not know him. — And they drew nigh unto
« the village, and he made as though he would have gone further. But
« they constrained him, saying — abide with us, for it is towards evening,
« and the day is far spent. And he went in, to tarry with them. And it
« came to pass, as he sat at meat with them, he took bread, and blessed
« it, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and
« they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight ». *Luke 24. 13. etc.*

(1) While I was writing the above, the folly of the Pope's advisers rendered Rome liable to all that Flaxman fears. We will hope the best from Buonaparte's taste, but he seems to have power given him over every thing he pleases — to yoke the army of Italy to the «Capitolî immobile saxum», and draw it in triumph to the *Campus Martius* of Paris. It is now a time to apply four lines of strong painting, which I remember in the fine «Epistle to an eminent painter» by Mr. Hayley, whose son is studying under Flaxman—

When ancient Genius charms, with spell sublime,
The scythe of ruin from the hand of Time,
And moves the mighty Leveller to spare
Models of grace so exquisitely fair.

This splendid passage may well adorn our dictionary and illustrate our language; for Johnson, I see, is without any examples at two of the words which it contains.

The young reader should be charged to take notice how unornamented and chaste Klopstock is, in what he founds upon these short passages; and well to observe the beautiful effects produced by merely the simple repetition of simple words. Certainly, I little thought, in December last, that such passages existed in Klopstock's poetry or in the German language; and, certainly, all of Klopstock's countrymen do not know, do not suspect as much, now. The lines will be found in the *vierzehnter Gesang*, Ed. 1780 (from which I print), p. 481 — 488. Ed. 1760, vol. 2. p. 163—170. The translation is not *quite* as religiously exact, as that of the simile p. 35.; but enough so to astonish, I am confident, both the English and German reader. Even the specimen at p. 35., added to the one at p. 11., may not yet have convinced either reader of what is the fact, with respect to our two languages.

This space shall be occupied by a Teutonic description of Rowland's sword. *VAST* may, perhaps, as I have translated it, be connected with *WASTI*, Teuton., a *waste*; otherwise, it means only *FAST*, firm, *hard* (as we say of *ekke*, *edges*). It is more probable that *reite* is to be explained by *ride*: since, in Teutonic, *reitan*, *ritan* certainly mean to *ride*; *reite*, *rite*, a *riding*. If not, the line will stand, literally — «there was, *right* there, Death».

Sin swert thaz hiez Durendart:
Wane under theme himele nie gesmidet
ne wart
Niht thes ime gelih ware.
Sine site waren selzene;
An so welih ende so man iz bot,
Tha was reite ther tot.
Alle thie ie smithen begunden,
Thie ne wessen noh ne kunden,
Wie thas swert gehertet was.
Sine ekke waren uast.

Fragm. de bello Car. M. v. 1857. Schilter
vol. 2. See the next poem in Schilter, v. 83.;
where reit (which escaped the Editor in his
glossary.) has the meaning I affix to reite.

His sword, it was hight DURENDART:
And, under Heaven, no human art
This weapon's fellow ever made.
The rarest work adorn'd its blade.
Wheree'er the arm its light'ning threw,
There, instant, Death, pale-riding flew!
Sheer cut each edge: where, quick,
they play'd;
A silent waste, all round, was laid!
Scarce Time's huge scythe, in days, e'er mow'd
What, at one sweep, those edges, strow'd!
Whoe'er to forge its fellow tries,
To half its hardness cannot rise.

Und sie waren durch eines herüberhangenden Hügels
Schatten gegangen. Des Wegs gewandte Krümmungen zeigten
Seitwärts jetzt den schattenden Hang. Dort sahen sie langsam
Einen Wanderer kommen. Erhabnes männliches Ansehn
War der Fremdling, und schien in ernste Gedanken verlohren. 5.

Laß uns langsamer gehn, Matthias, vielleicht daß der Fremdling
Unser Gefährt wird, und uns das traurende Herz mit Gesprächen
Seiner Weisheit erquicket. Denn weise scheint er, und edel.

Was, o Kleophas, hilfst uns seine Weisheit, wofern er
Nicht, von Jesus mit uns sich unterredet? Indem kommt 10.
Ihnen der Wanderer nah, und grüßt sie mit Liebe. Mit Ehrfurcht
Grüßen sie ihn.

With that, almost exactly indem, is not now elegant; but
Pope has it, often, I remember, in his Homer. The English reader
will observe that the verbs, in l. 7, 8, 9, are in the *present* tense.

Jetzt kamen sie unter umschattende Palmen. Der Wanderer
Sah sie mit der Erhabenheit an, die Größe der Seele,
Und nicht Stolz ist.

Umschattende is a word which *wide-shading* does not exactly
reach, perhaps.

— — Bleib, ach und laß an der Kühle 15.
Dieser Quell uns ruhn! Sie setzten sich neben einander,
Gegen sie über der göttliche Fremdling.

Segen über from curiosity, delight to behold him, and respect.
So, presently, at the supper.

Jetzt naheten sie Emaus. Meine Brüder, ich gehe
Nun zu den Meinen. So sprach ihr Begleiter. Ihr sehet, mein Weg zieht
Hier durch Emaus sich. D bleib bey uns, du Geliebter! 20.
Sieh, es will Abend werden. Der Tag hat schon sich geneiget.

And they had gone through an overhanging hill's
Shade. The way's winding bend show'd,
Sideways, now, the shading steep. There saw they, slowly,
A traveller come. Of a dignified, manly appearance
Was the stranger; and he seemed lost in earnest thought. 5.

«Let us slower go, Matthias. Belike that the stranger
«Our companion by the way will be, and our mourning hearts with discourse
«Of his wisdom will revive. For wise seemeth he and excellent».

«What, Oh Cleopas, will his wisdom help us, if he
«Discourse not of Jesus with us»? — With that cometh 10.
Nigh to them the traveller, and greeteth them with love. With reverence
Greet they him.

They proceed, and talk by the way. Saint Luke says (24. 13.) that
the village «was from Jerusalem three score furlongs», about eight
miles. — The painter goes along with them and the reader, as well
as the poet.

Now came they under wide-shading palm-trees. The traveller
Looked upon them with dignity; but that which is greatness of soul,
And not pride.

They continue their talk; sitting down, to rest themselves, by
the way, at the side of a cooling stream.

— — «And let us in the cool 15.
«Of this spring rest us». They seated themselves near each other;
They over against the godlike stranger.

After some dialogue, beautifully dramattick and affecting, «they
«drew nigh unto the village».

At present drew they nigh to Emmaus. — «My brothers, I go
«Now to mine own» -- so spake their companion. He saith -- «My way turneth
«Here through Emmaus». — «Oh, abide with us, Thou beloved! 20.
«See, it will soon be evening. The day hath already declined».

Und sie hielten ihn zitternd bey beyden Händen, und baten.
 Laßt mich! Die Meinen sind fern. Sie warten meiner mit Schmerzen.

Sie, Mann Gottes, haben dich immer. Du siehst ja, wie herzlich
 Wir dich, lieben; o bleib! und warum wolltest du, Theurer, 25
 Dich in der Nacht Gefahren begeben? Auch mußt du von Jesus
 Noch mit uns reden! o bleib bey uns! So will ich denn bleiben,
 Meine Brüder. Kleophas dankte, mit Freud' in den Blicken,
 Nicht mit Worten, und eilte voran, ein Mahl zu bereiten.

The moment of his consent is most affectingly chosen.

Kleophas hat, so heißt mein Gefährt, der redliche Jüngling, 30.
 Seine Hütt' in Emaus, deren Eingang der Schatten
 Dichter Bäume bedeckt. Ein reiner labender Quell rinnt,
 Wo der Schatten am lustigsten kühlst. Er eilte, das sah ich,
 Etwas Speiße für uns zu bereiten, und unsere Herzen
 Mit dem wenigen, das er hat, zu erquickern. O stiller 35.
 Heiterer Abend, nach diesen Tagen der Angst und des Trauens!
 Und o Dank dir, göttlicher Mann! du würdigst uns, kehrest
 Ein bei uns, verachtest die niedrige Hütte der Einsalt
 Und der Dürftigkeit nicht. Da Jesus Christus noch lebte,
 War er, wie du ein Menschenfreund. 40.

Und schon naheten sie Kleophas Hütte. Sie sahn, er entschöpfte
 Wasser zum trinken der Mündung des Quells, dann setzt er es eilend
 Bey sich nieder, und wusch balsamische duftende Kräuter:
 Seine Hand umflossen mit abgerissene Blumen;
 Einige glitten hinab mit des werdenden Baches Gelispel. 45.

Aber er sah Matthias, und sah den göttlichen Fremdling
 Nahn, sprang eiliger auf! Sey mir, Mann Gottes, willkommen!
 Alle dein Segen, mit dem der Herr dich segnete, gehe,
 Du Mann, Gottes, mit dir in meine Hütte! Matthias
 Folgt', und frug das Gefäß, und darinn die lebende Quelle, 50.
 Mit der träufelnden Kräuter Erfrischung. Kleophas hatte

And they held him, trembling, by both hands; and beseeched.

« Let me go! Mine own are far off. They wait for me with pain».

« They, man of God, have thee always. Thou seest verily, how heartily

« We love thee! Oh, abide! And wherefore wouldest thou, Dearest, 25.

« To the dangers of the night commit thyself? Also must thou of Jesus

« Yet discourse with us! — Oh, abide with us!» « So will I, then, abide

« My brothers». Cleopas thanked him, with joy in his looks,

Not with words; and hastened on before, a meal to prepare.

On the departure of Cleopas, Matthias continues the conversation.

« Cleopas hath (so is called my companion, that ingenuous youth) 30.

« His cottage in Emmaus, the approach to which with the shade

« Of thick trees is covered. A clear refreshing spring runs

Where the shade most airily cools. He hastens, that I saw,

Some food for us to prepare, and our hearts

With the little that he hath to rejoice. Oh stiller 35.

And calmer evening, after this day's anguish and mourning!

« And, Oh, thanks to thee, Godlike man! Thou condescendest to us, turnest

« In with us, despisest not the lowly hut of Simplicity

« And Indigence. When Jesus Christ was alive,

« He was, as thou, a friend to man. » 40.

And, now, they came nigh to Cleopas's cottage. They saw: he drew

Water to drink, at the mouth of the spring; then set he it, quick,

Down by him, and washed balsamick, odoriferous herbs:

Around his hand swam, torn up along with them, flowers;

Some glided away, with the beginning rivulet's murmur. 45.

But he saw Matthias, and saw the godlike stranger

Approach. Quick sprang he up. « Be to me, man of God, welcome!

« All thy blessings, with which the Lord thee blessed, go,

« Thou man of God, with thee, into my hut!» Matthias

Followed, and brought the vessel, and therein the living spring, 50.

With the refreshment of the dripping herbs. Cleopas had,

Schon den unbelasteten Tisch mit dem ganzen Reichthum
 Seiner Hütte besetzt, mit Milch, und Honig, und Feigen,
 Und mit stärkendem Brodt, und herzerfreuendem Weine;
 Hatte die Teppiche schon umhergebreitet. Sie legten
 Sich zu dem Mahle, der Fremdling allein, sie gegen ihn über.
 Und der Fremdling begann auf sie sein Auge zu richten
 Ernst, und freudig.

55.

Mit Ruhe, mit Dank, mit feyrllichem Anstand,
 Hielt er das Brodt; so pflegt' es Jesus zu halten! und blickte
 Still gegen Himmel; so pflegte gen Himmel Jesus zu blicken!
 Und sie starrten sich an, und ihn.

60.

Er betete. Jesus
 War die Stimme des betenden: und auf Einmal das Antlitz
 Jesus Christus des betenden Antlitz!

Er betet' also:
 Unser Vater im Himmel.
 Ach! auch seine Worte sogar! Und bleich vor Freude
 Sanken sie hin, mit anzubeten.

65.

Er redete wieder:
 Preis sey ihm!

Er schuf uns
 Unser tägliches Brodt. Preis sey ihm, und Anbetung!
 Jezo brach er das Brodt, und gab es ihnen. Sie nahmens
 Bleicher vor Freuden, und blickten ihn an, und wollten reden;
 Konnten nicht reden!

70.

Er sah sie noch Einmal mit segnender Huld an,
 Und verließ sie.

Da sprangen sie auf, und folgten ihm, eilten,
 Suchten, und fanden ihn nicht.

Already, the unloaded table with the whole riches
Of his cottage set out, with milk and honey and figs
And strengthening bread and heart-rejoicing wine;
He had the beds already plac'd around. They laid down
Themselves to the meal; the stranger alone, they over against him. 55.
And the stranger began towards them his eye to direct
Earnest and pleas'd.

With meekness, with gratitude, with solemn grace,
Held he the bread — so used Jesus to hold it! — and he looked,
Still, up to Heaven — so used up to Heaven Jesus to look! 60.
And they stared on each other, and on him.

He prayed. — Jesus's
Was the voice of him who prayed! and, in an instant, the countenance
Of Jesus Christ was of him who prayed the countenance!

He prayed thus—
« Our father in Heaven »!
« Ah! Also his very words »! And, pale for joy, 65.
Sank they down, for to pray with him.

He spake again:
« Praise be to him!

He gave us
« Our daily bread. Praise be to him and adoration »!
Now brake he the bread, and gave it to them. They took it
More pale for joy, and looked on him and wished to speak; 70.
Could not speak!

He regarded them once again with benedictory protection,
And left them.

Then sprang they up, and followed him; hastened,
Sought, and found him not.

Your R. H. shall not be detained with what I could say upon this masterly and affecting composition; which every admirer of Milton must lament was not *enjoyed* by him, as it certainly was by Young. (1)

On my translation it is necessary that I should say a very few words. — *Hütte* I could not translate by our word *hut*, as it is not dignified enough. Ebert understood both words well, and would have approved *cottage*; for he has translated «a shepherd's *hut*» (Young. Night 4. L. 89.) *Haberrohre*, and *cottage* (N. 1. L. 175.) *Hütte*, and *cottager* (N. 7. L. 31.) «Einwohner der *Hütte*» (he would have given the simile too, as I have at p. 35.; for he translates *Pestilence*, N. 8. L. 990., die *Pest*). — On the other hand, our word for *Teppiche* would be too dignified in Cleopas's *cottage*. Ebert uses it in translating «gorgeous *tapestries*» (*Teppichen*) «of pictur'd joys» (N. 1. L. 169.). I have therefore

(1) The various beauties of these extracts must be seen, without the officious aid of a commentator, by a reader with no more eyes than Alkmar's REYNIKE leaves his antagonist ISEGRYM, in Book 4. Cap. 8.

« Blyfft dat oge dan wech, und werde gy heel,
 « So ys ydt juw doch eyn groth vordeel.
 « Gy dörven men ein venster tho sluten,
 « Wor gy slapen, bynnen effte buten.
 « Dar ein ander mot twe thodon. »

If that eye were lost, and were you healed,
 So is it for you a great convenience.
 You need only one window to shut,
 Where you sleep, within and without;
 While another must two make fast.

« Bliebe das Auge gleich weg und seydt ihr sonst nur gewesen,
 « Ist es euch immer bequiem, ihr habet, legt ihr euch schlafen,
 « Nur ein Fenster zu schliessen, wir andern bemühen uns doppelt. »

ГОЛТНЕ. p. 464.

made Cleopas *place* the *beds*, not *spread* the *carpets*. — Without venturing to form *benedictory* from *benediction*, I could not translate l. 71. Johnson's D. inserts *benedict* and *maledicted*; and *maledictory* is often seen.

I have only, further, to say, of these lines, that readers, who admire the effects produced here by the most pure and unadorned simplicity of thought and words, will like to see another very short passage (1); and, lastly, that an old German author gives a reason for the son of God's looking up to Heaven, as represented l. 60.

Stuant er thar tho nidare,
Huab thi u ougun uf zi himile,
Zi thes Fater barme filu fram,
Thanana er hera in worolt quam.

OTFRID. Evang. III. 24. 179.

SCHILTER. I. 226.

Stood he, there, below;
Held his eyes up to Heaven,
To his father's bosom full. From
Thence he here into the world came.

(Schilter and Scherz both seem to mistake, with *intentè* for *filu fram*.)

— — — The father infinite,
By whom in bliss *imbosom'd* sat the son. P. Lost. 5. 596.

(1)

Vater, in deine Hände befehl ich meine Seele!

Dann: (Gott Mittler! erbarme dich unser!) Es ist vollendet!

Und er neigte sein Haupt, und starb.

« Father, into thine hand commend I my soul ».

Then — God, Mediator, have pity on us! « It is finished »! —

And he bowed his head, and died.

The judicious poet not only finishes the line thus *abruptly*, but the tenth *gesang*. In ed. 1760, where is *drauf* for *dann*, it fortunately ends vol. 1.

There is much tenderness in the thought, and particularly in the word *barme*. The same author uses it of *mothers* 1. 20. 27.

Thar iz in theru wagun lag,
Joh anan themo barme
Theru muater.

The word was in the Gothick and Anglos. languages. The Gothick Gospels use it, Luke 6; 38. 13; 23. 16; 22, 3. A female reader will be pleased with the tender connexion, in Gothick, between *BARM*, *bosom*, and *BARN*, *child*.

It is curious that, in German, they HAD *barm*, without *barn*; and, in Scottish, they HAVE now *bairn*, without *barm*. Ebert translates Young's «*bosom-counsel*» (Night. 7. L. 629.) «*innerlicher Rathgeber*» — «*bosom-comfort*» (N. 8. L. 984.) «*einheimisches Vergnügen*». That eye alone enjoys the philosophy of words and the history of the human mind, which looks through all the Northern languages at once. What is wanting in one, we find supplied by another. *Barmen* originally meant, also, in German (Wachter says), *waermen*, to *cherish*, to *warm*, like the traveller and the snake in the fable (1). A future Bishop Wilkins, who should perfectly understand all the sister-languages of the North, might hope, perhaps, still to give us that great *desideratum*, a universal language, or at least a complete philosophical Dictionary.

(1) *Barmbraccus*, in Leg. Fris. tit. 4. 3., is not a *small dog*, I think, in its literal sense, as Wachter supposes, but what is much more beautiful and reminds us of the starving Frenchman's friend in No. 21 or 22 of *The Spectator*, a *bosom-dog*. In German, *barm* and *barmen*, *erbarmen*, etc. seem to be elegantly connected. *Erbarmlich* is used by Luther, Macc. 2. 3. 21.; and «*Entbarmet yuw des groten Schaden*», is in REYNKE B. 1. c. 2. The passage in *Maccabees* we translate «It would have *pitied* a man to see». This is one, out of more uses of words than common readers would suppose, for which, with even Cruden before him, Johnson omits to quote the bible. This, too, is used as lately as Pope, and is quoted by Johnson

The folding table, which will be found at the end of this letter, enables the eye, in some respects, to do what I here mention, with regard to the Northern languages. It may render services, on which I will not now stop to enlarge; and it may suggest to abler linguists than myself, both here and in England, some work more extensive and more serviceable. From your R. H.'s well-known sentiments about religion, the table will not displease the exemplary character, to whom this letter is addressed, because I have chosen to show the connexion between the sister-languages by passages from the *bible*.

For the same reason, I will shortly point out three *new* lights, which, as I imagine, my German researches have already enabled me to throw upon that most sublime of all books. It is admitted to be the standard of their language, even by those who refuse it as the foundation of their faith.

Mark 5. 34. «Thy faith hath made thee *whole*» (which Johnson should bring from the German word *heel*, in my note at p. 64.); «go *IN* peace». This is, certainly, not translated agreeably to the original Greek; and our translation, together with the Latin faulty one, led Hickes, as the Gothick scholar will find, into a mistake in his Grammar (Thesaurus. 1. 15.). The dative and ablative are always the same, I imagine, in Gothick, Anglos. and German; if the grammarians *ought* to exhibit any ablative at all. Our translation uses, I know, «*in* peace», for the same Greek words at Luke 2, 29. 7, 50. 8, 48. But «*to* peace» would, perhaps, be more elegant, as well as more accurate — «Thy faith hath made thee

from him at *scholarship* — » It *pitied* my very heart ». Adelung's 4to German Dictionary, ed. 1793. should perhaps refer at *erbarmlich* to Macc. 3. 1. 9. and 5. 21, 47.; at *Erbarmung* to the only time it occurs in the bible, Macc. 3. 6. 2. *Barm* is in Frisch, but not in Adelung; and it does not occur in the bible.

«whole; go *to* peace». Whereever you abide, Peace shall be «about your paths and about your bed»: Whereever you dwell, there you shall find Peace. Peace and you shall «meet, and kiss «each other even in the streets», and you shall both live under the same roof. «Into whatsoever house you enter, Peace and the son of «Peace shall be in that house». «Go *to* Peace». — It is clear, however, that «*in* peace» cannot be an accurate translation of a Greek preposition, signifying either *to* or *into* and with an accusative case. Were it common to read it *in*, with an ablative, the margin of our translation should fairly point out the double sense — in 1. Cor. 7. 15., it gives us «God hath called us *to* peace»; but the margin tells us, and truly, that the Greek says «*in* peace». —

What I shall next notice will not involve your R. H. in so many accusative and ablative cases.

Your R. H., and every reader, will remember in the bible, often, *respect* v. a. *respect* n. s. *respecter* etc. This word *respect*, with its family, is in the most common use (it always attends the mention of your R. H.'s character); and a dictionary-maker is never wanted to explain it.

But its real meaning is scarcely ever understood, and its beauties are consequently unknown. The reader, who smiles at my philological hardiness, will at least examine his own mind (if he wish to try this question fairly), before he proceed to what my mind did not discover, till the Northern languages had enlarged and *liberalized* it (a useful word, introduced into France and England by my liberal-minded friend, the Marquis of Lansdowne). How far what I am going to observe ought to change our translation of the bible, others may determine — in our bibles, and even in our prayerbooks, there certainly should be one page, to point out the change in our language since the age of James I.

The word, belonging to this family, which Johnson explains most at length, is *respect* n. s. To this he gives 9 senses, i. e., as I have already observed, TRANSLATIONS. 1. «*Regard*; attention». 2. «Reverence; honour». 3. «Awful kindness». 4. «Good-will». 5. «Partial *regard*». 6. «Reverend character». 7. «Manner of «treating others». 8. «Consideration; motive». 9. «Relation; *Regard*». Now, it happens that the real sense of the word does not appear, once, in all this; and, very often, he even TRANSLATES very badly. At *respect* v. a., and *regard* n. s. (used in three of these nine TRANSLATIONS), the sense by *accident* makes its appearance; for we are told, *at last*, that the verb means, in Brown, «to look toward», and the n. s., in Milton and Dryden, «look; «aspect directed to another». But the meaning, AT FIRST, of both *regard* and *respect*, and of the whole of both their families, depends on the eye, and is to be explained by *look*, *aspect* etc. It remains afterwards to explain their «metaphorical acceptations», which, as Johnson's preface observes and as we find it here, «often drive out of use the original sense of words». This is, now, quite the case with *aspect*; but let us not have it explained by *regard* chiefly, which only puzzles us the more with its little remains of the original sense. — «The Lord had *respect* unto Abel —» Genesis 4. [4.], which JOHNSON TRANSLATES «good-will», stands, in Luther's translation, «Der Herr sahe gnädiglich an Habel» — Platg. «sach gnedichlick». Dutch, «zag genadiglyk». Danish, saae «naadelig». Swedish, «sagh tackeliga». Iceland. «leit noordar-«samliga». And so, with many other passages where our translation gives *respect* etc., which I have examined, but which shall not be dragged in, to lengthen this letter. — These and innumerable defects in the D., Johnson certainly must have seen, had his superior mind condescended to *respect* (in Brown's sense, to *look toward*) what he was doing. But he, then, must also have *respected*

his task (in the common sense of *partiality* etc.), must have *liked* it; whereas he was the starving bondman of an Egyptian bookseller. The best way of understanding the phrases «no *respect* for persons» — «no *respector* of persons» etc.; and, perhaps, all uses of *respect* and its family; is to ask ourselves why we represent Justice *blind* — 1. that she may not *see*. 2. that she may not, by seeing, be made *partial* etc. The amiable Colonel Barrè, whose strong mind forces even blindness to resign its evils, might still be made partial by only remembering to have dined, formerly, with any one, at poor Tickell's Spanish *table d'hôte* in ANTICIPATION.

Respector and *respect* are not the only words which have changed their meaning since the days of James. Perhaps more than one word is used, even in the liturgy, with a meaning directly *opposite* to that now affixed to it, and which even Johnson does not explain. «*Prevent* us, O Lord, in all our doings». «Deal not with us *after* our sins». So *righteously, magnify, pitifully, pitifulness*, and other words.

— What I have last to speak of, now, as not properly understood in our bible, is the word *eye-service*. Johnson explains it to mean «service performed only under inspection», and he quotes Coloss. 3. 22. «Servants obey in all things your masters, not with *eye-service*, as men-pleasers, but in singleness of heart». From this explanation he seems to have MADE *eye-servant*, which he inserts without example, and which he explains «a servant that works only while watched». But, if so, one confusion might at least arise; the same man might, at the same time, be an *eye-servant* by one composition of words, and an *eye-witness* by another.

It is possible that the English commentators, whom I cannot now consult, may understand the meaning of this text; but it does not appear to me that it is properly explained by any thing that I find here, in Greek, Latin or German. Luther translates it

«Dienst für Augen»: Platg., in the same way, «Denste vör Ogen». In the same way both, where the phrase is used again, Ephes. 6.6. I contend that the Greek compound word means, and that the English one means or ought to mean, «service performed *by* the «eyes of the servant, «and not» *before* the eyes of the master;» and, if the Greek scholar will look only at the *opposition* in each of the texts, I think he will see that both must mean the eyes of the servants. Besides this, St. Paul means to speak of the best sort of servant; and, if I be told that the best is he, who best watches his master's eyes, I may answer that this must be done with his own eyes —so that my *eye-service* must precede the other.

But the best way of explaining any writer is by the books, which, we know, or may presume, that he read—so happily pursued by Dr. Farmer, as to Shakespeare. Now, we happen to have a book, which we *know* St. Paul *studied* and *LOVED*; and, fortunately, we can turn to the very passage which most probably lay before him, or was in his memory, when he wrote these parts of these two Epistles. After seeing it, no one, I imagine, will suppose any longer that the Apostle speaks of the *master's* eyes. «Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress, so «our eyes wait upon the Lord our God until that *he have* (1)

(1) See T. Warton's 1st. edition of Milton's smaller Poems, published about 10 years ago, and a 2d. ed. by his brother after his death; for a note on » O, if thou *have* hid her «in some flowery cave, tell me but where.» Comus. It is scarcely credible that two such poets and scholars should be so ignorant of their own language, as to accuse Milton of not understanding it, when he only follows its grammar. Shenstone and Miss Aikin use this subj. m. (*have*); and Dr. Warton will find it, before he finishes his edition of Pope, which every one who has read his entertaining Essay on Pope, must wish to see. It is in the *prose* advertisement to Dr. Arbuthnot, I think. — Poets in particular should know the value of the subj. m.; for it always removes one hiss, and, sometimes, when it stands next to another or between two others.

«mercy upon us». Psalm. 123. 2. And, here, the *eye-service* of our bible and of Johnson, would, in strict propriety, be *hand-service*; for the eyes of the servant do not look to the *eyes*, but to the *hand* of the master. Bacon was struck with this of the Psalmist, as well as St. Paul; but for other reasons. He says — «wait upon him, with whom you speak, with your eye». Johnson does not seem to quote this passage from the Psalms; any more than the passage alluded to in his single quotation from Swift, at *respector*, which is in Acts. 10. 34.

In these two passages with *eye-service*, Luther did not attempt a compound word; though he had the Greek before him. It appears to me that Luther, either from strength of judgment (Melancthon shares much of the praise due to his translation) or from weakness of language, does not compound words as often as our translators; a practice, which is now perhaps too frequent in Luther's language, whatever it may be in ours. Yet he sometimes compounds, when we are not able to do it—*Lamentations*. 2. 18. «Give thyself no rest, let not *the apple of thine eyes* cease». Luther, *Augapffel*. Platg., *Ogeappel*. Dutch, *Oogappel* (1).

(1) I could easily write a note (and a curious one) much longer than this letter, to show how the German language has, in a manner, been playing tricks with ours, and, by 'change of letters etc. has endeavoured to destroy all appearance of our being related. But Platg. proves the fact; and German turns its haughty back upon its parents as well as its sister, since Anglos. and Gothick remain, sufficiently to prove its ingratitude, if not its imprudence. *Paad*, Anglos. *Perd*, Platg. *Pferd*, German. *Pad*, Eng. — *Pund*, Goth. *Pond*, Anglos. *Pund*, Platg. *Pfund*, Germ. *Pound*, Eng. — *Bosm*, Anglos. *Bosem*, Platg. *Busen*, Germ. *Bosom*, Eng. At *hide* n. s. Adelung supposes he improves Johnson by adding *Haut* Germ.; but the platg. bible (Lament. 3. 4.) has *Hut*, the Dutch bible *Huyd*, and Alkmar's REYNIKE 1. 9. *hudt*. Sometimes our words are certainly the same, with almost every letter altered; as the same sun lights your R. H. at Windsor and the Prince of Wurtemberg at the *König von England* here, though the German language completely alters its sex. *Deep* (which a

In the course of these pages, I have allowed the German language merit, for its beauty and its facility of *composition*. Let me, here, exhibit a few compound words from Young, with Ebert's translation. It will appear, perhaps, that German cannot reach, or will not bear, any of these; and, when what I am writing shall be seen by my friend Klopstock, who has translated several Greek and Latin passages with fewer words than the original, to prove the powers of his own language, he can compare some of the following passages in that way also. By the learned Eschenburg's (1) *zweiter Theil* of Ebert's *Episteln*, Hamburg, 1795, I

German dictionary explains » *der Grund im Meer* », *thief* are two words, with which this language makes curious confusion, in wandering from Anglos. and Platg. and us — *Deep*, Eng. *Deep*, Platg. *Tief*, German. — *Thief*, Eng. *Deef*, Platg. *Dieb*, German.

The most singular thing is the manner in which Johnson has been taught, even by the great Junius, to derive many of the words, which I find staring me in the face here, from others in I know not what distant parts of the world, with often *different* significations. They must be no less surprised, to see themselves pressed into such new services, than the posts in the footpaths etc. near this city; which had originally the honour to perform far different offices, as the cheek-bones of whales.

(1) Our literature has obligations to this SCHOLAR and GENTLEMAN, as well as his own. Happily for both, he is living, and of an age to do much more. It is gratifying to visit a country, still adorned by Adelung, Eschenburg, Gleim, Goethe, Klopstock, Ramler, Schiller, the *fraternal* Stollbergs, Voss, Wieland (I place them alphabetically); and many others, with whose works I have not yet found time to make acquaintance.

Eschenburg by his *wonderful* translation of Shakespeare proves, like his able friend Ebert, the possibility of a German's becoming perfect master of our language. It is not known in England as it ought to be. This is the case, also, with the volumes of a writer in this city; which prove his knowledge of our history and constitution, as well as of our language. Mr. Archenholtz has published, from time to time, « *Annals of the British Empire*. » They begin with 1788, and already make 13 vols. 8vo. The future historian will find their use, as well as the contemporary reader. Mr. A. is himself an historian, and a *very entertaining one*. To him we owe » *The History of the «seven-years' war»* (2 vols.). It would be popular, if translated into our language. — Dr. Wendeborn's *satisfactory* » *View of England, towards the close of the 18th. century* » (2 vols.), is very well translated by the author himself.

SUSPECT that the translator of Young and of Glover FELT the superiority of our language, over his, with regard to *strong expressions and bold constructions* (p. 77.), with regard to *energy and boldness* (p. 95.). — «Sleep lights on lids *unsullied* with a tear» — die keine Thräne befleckt. Night 1. line 5. «How *self-fetter'd* «was my soul» — wie sehr hatte sich meine Seel' in eigne Fessel verwickelt. N. 1. L. 156. «Reason, that *heaven-lighted* lamp in «man» — vom Himmel angezündeten. N. 3. L. 2. «*All-sensual* «man» — Der ganz sinnliche Mensch. N. 2. 192. «As *all-consuming* usurers conceal their doomsday-book from *all-consuming* heirs» (where too, the beauty of the repetition is lost) — Gleichwie raubgierige Wucherer vor allesverprassenden Erben ihr Schuldbuch verbergen. N. 2. 270. «Man, whose fate, — *hair-hung, breeze-shaken*, o'er the gulph a moment trembles, drops»! — Der Mensch, dessen Schicksal, an einem Haare hangend, vom geringsten Hauche der Luft erschüttert etc. N. 2. 298. «I to Day's «*soft-EYED* sister pay my court, Endymion's rival» — sanftblickende. (1) N. 3. 26. «Pity swells the *tide* of love» — die Thrä-

(1) In this and many other passages, Ebert's language, whether it have failed or not as to compound words, evidently confuses the original, and sometimes makes it ridiculous, on account of the German sex ascribed to the Sun and Moon. The same thing must happen in other translations, I suppose. In Young, Night 3. 120. the German *female* sun is *jealous* of the poet, bearing Narcissa in his arms; and, somewhere, I think, the *male* Moon (who cannot, as here, have a *male* lover, » ENDYMION'S RIVAL »), hides her blushing face at »orgies, unfit for the other sex to behold, much more for *hers*». In reading the poetry of either nation we should know and remember what is of so much consequence, as whether the Sun and Moon be male or female. We puzzle ourselves, or our children at least, quite enough, in both nations, by suffering almost every line of poetry, which speaks of the Sun, the Moon, morning, evening etc., to give the lie to astronomy.

Upon this singular and (to many) unknown change of Gender, I will add, here, what falls from my pen while these pages are printing. — I know the two or three words I have hazarded, and I approve of them perhaps as little as of the lines which contain them; but

nenfluth. N. 3. L. 106. Here, and in other places, the platg. word was wanted by the translator. «When *high-flavour'd* thy *fresh* -

it is the duty of a dictionary-maker's *rhymes* to point out how the poets of his own language may possibly enrich it by the study of another. In all events, the female, who is expecting the Prince of Wurtemberg, will pardon these rhymes, bad as her R. H.'s taste may find them, on account of some of the thoughts.

I mean not to obtrude this as *poetry*. » Higher of » the poetic name, « by far, and » with mysterious reverence, I deem. « My soul has been too often soothed, under life's worst ills, by the productions of real genius in my own and ancient times, for me to imagine that poetry can be compiled like a dictionary, by counting words; or that any common pair of scissors can cut it out of half a yard of language, as your R. H's. women make a cap.

Sein Lehrer ist sein Herz, sein Phöbus seine Schöne;
Die Rührung macht den Vers, und nicht gezählte Töne. HALLER.

A DISSERTATION IN RHYME, ON THE GENDER OF THE MOON IN THE GERMAN LANGUAGE.

BY AN ENGLISH GRAMMARIAN.

They, who cannot relish even bad rhymes without a good motto, have the author's free permission to copy a passage he remembers in Harris's *Hermes*; which asserts, and then argues on the assertion, that » the sun must in all languages be of necessity masculine, and the moon feminine. »

TO THE MOON.

Friend of the solemn, feeling mind!
Dread, mental Lord of human kind!
I mark thee urge, with sable might,
Thy pale steeds up the steeps of Night.
And, now, thy glitt'ring car down-glides,
And gilds thy own attendant tides.
Stop! — Dost thou speed cold Death to greet?
Or Love in some lone grove to meet? —

«opening joys» (where, too, perhaps, the metaphor of the *original* is, *inelegantly*, speaking of a female, taken from the

Stop! — And Oh! listen; while a stranger,
Invokes thee in his true-love's danger! 10.

But say thy sex. The Germans use
(So art thou lover of the Muse)

To deem thee male. They've watch'd thee, here,
To Klopstock's Muse bow down thy ear;
And from thy cloud-dark car descend, 15.
Long, secret nights with her to spend.

Ofr, by thy gait and looks, I guess
That thou, like me, hast known distress:
That, sad, thou tak'st thy pensive round,
With drooping brow, in thought profound; 20.
As glances, cross thy mind, the dart,
A friend's hand levell'd at thy heart.

— Then, hail, my life's lov'd Lord, most dear!
Beneath all skies! through all the year!
With thee o'er Elbe's wild ice I'll roam, 25.
Thy lone pavilion all my home —

Or watch young May, by dancing Hours
Fresh-wak'd, her green lap fill'd with flow'rs;
When boars no longer startle Night,
And, grinning, bay thy hated light; 30.
When nought but sad « Misfortune's bi'd »,
O'er the mute waste, is seen or heard. [p. 29. note.]

Whate'er thy sex; mild Moon, be kind!
And let my pray'rs fit audience find!

If, female (as our bards have taught),
Thou reign o'er every tender thought —
If, as we Britons think, thy sheen 35.
Case the pure limbs of Chastehood's Queen —
Then wrap, in bright-dark sheen, the bed,

{ «Dark with excessive bright». }
Milton. }
Where Virtue lays her blameless head! 40.

drinking-table and not from the flower-garden) — Da deine, frisch aufblühenden Freuden in hoher Farbe prangten. N. 5, 152.

And all thy Fairy visions pour
On her meek mind, whom I adore!
That mind is thine; and, day and night,
It ne'er has miss'd thy chastest rite.

But, if thy changing sex be male — 45.
Then, lover of the Muse, all hail!

Hail to those charms, which, sure, no Muse
Can see, and mutual love refuse!

Thy tresses bright, of topaz-hue!
Thy beauteous steps, through night's still dew! 50.

Thy change of face! — What eye can tell
On which it most delights to dwell?

Thy looks of love; and yet so wise! —
Thy words, that Folly's self chastise;

And quicken dust, to reach the skies! 55.

Then, sure! sage Moon, thou canst not fail,

If, as they say, thy sex be male,

To prize the artless, heav'nly mind,

Thy beams in her I love will find.

Pure, soft, mild, simple, as thy light; 60.

She gilds, like thee, dark Sorrow's night.

Thou canst not fail, in Heav'n, to know

An Angel's value, here below.

Tell her that, while I watch thee play

With German seas; for her I pray — 65.

That I consign her to thy care —

And that thou grantest all my pray'r.

Let guardian sylphs, who love thy beams,

Her slumbers watch and point her dreams!

Perhaps, in magic glass, impart 70

One glimpse of him who owns her heart!

And, if thy Venus-teeming sea

She trust, whose bosom heaves to thee;

Bid thy sea waft her from all harms,

And steer her to these anxious arms! 75.

«Their will *out-rag'd* the storm» — tobte wilder als der Sturm. N. 3. 164. «With *soft-suspended* step» (if not *soft, suspended*) mit leisen schwebenden Tritten. N. 2. 176. «Sacred is the dust of this *heaven-labour'd* form» — vom Himmel gearbeiteten. N. 2. 191. «This *heaven-assum'd*, majestic robe of earth HE deign'd to wear, «who etc.» — vom Himmel angenommenen. N. 3. 194. «An Hydra-
«woe». N. 3. 242. — Eine vielköpfige Hyder von Unglück. «The *cobwebb'd* cottage with its ragged wall of mud». N. 1. 175. Die mit Spinnweben behangne Hütte. «In Fortune's lap *high-fed*». N. 1. 258. — reichlich verpflegt. «Take then, O world, «thy *much-indebted* tear». N. 1. 305. Deine Thräne, die ich dir so sehr schuldig bin. «Life's little stage is *inch-high* the grave «above». N. 2. 360. einen Zoll hoch. «*Sky-born, sky-guided, sky-returning* race». N. 6. 418. vom Himmel gebohrnen, vom H. geleiteten, zum H. zurückkehrenden Geschlechte. «*Heart-buried* in the

Lov'd Moon, whate'er thy sex above,
Oh! guard, on earth, the WIFE I love —
Oh! guard, our children; friends; e'en foes —
From ev'ry ill thine empire knows!
Our COUNTRY too — Lend thy stay'd light
To statesmen, through their sleepless night!
For such a time, so full of fear,
To thy broad eye did ne'er appear,

80.

Dread, mental Sov'reign of mankind!
Friend of the solemn, feeling mind!
Oh let these pray'rs fit audience find!

85.

Hamburgh, March 1797.

Wer für sein Liebstes sorgt, findt Reiz in jeder Pflicht,
Und lernt man nicht die Kunst, nach Regeln liebzufösen,
So klingt auch Stammeln süß, ist's nur das Herz das spricht.

Haller.

«rubbish of the world». N. 2. 348. Wenn wir bis ans Herz vergraben sind. «*Unraptur'd, uninflam'd*». N. 4. 263. Ohn' ihn zu begeistern, ohn' ihn zu entflammen. «Oh most adorable, most «*unador'd*». N. 4. 282. O Anbetenswürdigster, und am wenigsten angebeteter Gott. — The last passage I shall cite is a few lines further on (N. 4. 400.); only to show that Ebert, for six syllables and as many words of Young, was obliged, or chose, to use almost twice as many words, and three times as many syllables — «He tunes my voice, if tun'd» — *Er lehrt ja meine Stimme harmonisch klingen, wenn sie harmonisch klingt*. A learned German tells me this was to avoid -- *er stimmte meine Stimme wenn sie stimmt*. But, *then*, the language YIELDS to ours. Young thought of «quod spiro et placeo, si placeo.» HOR.

But my letter, Madam, because it is written from this part of the world, must not be as long as a German mile, and contain as much as a Hamburg - mail.

The folding table will show the striking connexion between all the languages of this part of Europe. Their similitude to English (but still more to Scottish), and of course their resemblance to each other, may be observed by a female eye and may in many respects please and instruct the female mind. The Lords of the creation derive no advantage, here (but *quite the contrary*), from having spent ten years in learning two dead languages; which they, afterwards, make much greater haste to neglect, despise or forget.

An Englishman will find himself understood, for common things, in Hanover and these parts of Germany where platg. is used, by only speaking common English in the *common* way. Our Island received, formerly, no doubt, language, as well as emigrants, from the whole of the adjoining continent; from, at least, all the parts between the point of south Bygden in Norway,

opposite the Shetland islands, to Brest in Brittany, opposite the land's end. The geography of some of this line of coast will explain two nautical words (*starboard* and *larboard*), should your R. H. visit Germany; and should the vessel approach the shore, for Schleswig, and any part of the country lying between Jutland and the Vistula, formerly called *Veonodland*, to be visible. The following passage in Anglosaxon is by a Royal pen (King Alfred's), and I shall not be desired, either by an English or a German reader, to translate it. I copy it from Count John Potocki's curious «*Recherches sur la Sarmatie*», à Varsovie, 1789. Livre 3. p. 29. The Count prints it incorrectly in «*Chroniques etc. de tous les peuples Slaves*», Ib. 1793. Livre 42. p. 134. *Heathum* is *Schleswig*; *Burgenda land* is the isle of *Bornholm*. *Backboard* is a better word than our *larboard*.

« Wulfstan seade theat he gefore of Haethum; theat he
« veare on Truso on fyfon dagum and nightum. That that scyp
« veas, ealne veg yrnende under segle. Veonodland him veas
« ealne veg on steorbord, and on beacbord him veas Langaland
« and Lealand, Falster and Sconeg. And thas land eal hyrad
« to Denemarcen. And thonne Burgenda land veas us on
« beacbord».

But my letter, Madam, shall not continue *on fyfon dagum and nightum*. I will conclude; though I have still much to say upon the two languages, and particularly upon the Teutonic, the venerable sire, perhaps, of both. (1)

(1) I have not forgotten what I ventured to say in this letter about *platg.*, from which I am not yet altogether drawn away even by Klopstock and his brother classicists. Perhaps, in many respects, it may be proved not only more expressive than modern and polite German, but also a softer and a more harmonious language. Its nearer connexion with our language will not bear a question. My countrymen, who are ignorant of all sorts of German, will please to observe that it is by thinking of English and Scottish,

I will conclude; persuaded that your R. H.'s patriotism will pardon the whole of the contents of this letter, however long and however dull, if it should only induce a single subject of George the third's, or a single countryman of the Prince of Wurtemberg's, to learn to read only one of those books, which your R. H. enjoys in both languages.

This letter I have the honour to finish, Madam, about the

not of English and our provincial dialects, that they can form an idea of what I say about high and low German — even an article in the able monthly Review, on a German book (appendix, Dec. 1796. p. 512.), speaks of Fulda » on the low and high *Dutch* dialects « (see p. 7. note, here); when Meusel intitles Fulda's curious book (Halle, 4to. 1776) » über die *zwen Hauptdialecte der Teutschen Sprache*. «

High and low German are languages still more distinct, perhaps, than even English and Scottish; and, if the low dialect (platg.) be so unintelligible to many even here, whence Richey took the title of his dictionary of it (*Idioticon Hamburgense*, 1755.), we are not to wonder that it should be so little known and so much despised in other parts of Germany. The natives of the country, of which it is at least one of the dialects, commit, often, such mistakes as people are led into by a perfectly *foreign* language. The following is by no means the only one of the kind. Platg. says » da steit he un het't Mul « apen « — *there he stands with his open mouth*. Highgerman » da steht er und « hat Maul-Affen feil » — *there he stands with BABOONS to sell*. Frisch explains this, at *maul*, to those who understand platg.; but he does not insert *apen*, and other dictionaries exhibit this phrase at *Affe*, *ape* (in which Johnson should have found our *oaf*, in at least one of its senses). They give, also, *Maulaffe*, » a baboon, a booby, » from not understanding platg. *apen*. *Ape* Eng. is *Aap* platg. » Apen-baar veele hebben « platg. is » öffentlich feil haben « highg. The Learning and Liberality of Adelung will pardon me, if I say that even his 4to. Dict. should have been fuller at *Affe* and at *feil*. But perhaps Germany wants the inclination to patronise any thing more than a *pocket-dictionary* of a GREAT language, as well as Great Britain.

Not to see that, in many respects, highg., as a language, is superior to lowg., any one must certainly be blind; but I am not sure that it is, always, superior from its greater number of words — nor am I confident that the language, which abounds most in words, is always the richest and the most expressive.

At least, it can be said, perhaps, that a language may be *too* rich — that a language may have reached that period, when it is prudent to close the gates; if to keep in the inhabitants, certainly to keep out strangers.

time that the Prince of Wurtemberg is expected to leave Hamburg for London. I write, Madam, in a city, where, as the Prince can testify, the well-fortified ramparts are of use only for walking, and the ill-paved streets for any thing but walking — where the outside of the houses is, often, all windows, and the inside all entrance — where it is not reckoned unmercantile to play at billiards in 'change-time; and to pass, from making a hazard for nothing, to making a bargain for many thousands — where the circulation of commerce, on their universal 'change, is in an inverse ratio to the circulation of air in their stove-heated apartments — where families are forbidden, by law, to feed their servants with salmon more than twice a week; and where they are obliged, by custom, to give them carp for supper, on Christmas-eve — where a common, long waggon, with two or three stools, makes a usual carriage for country excursions; and where a short wooden box, without a lid and with nothing but two large bags of feathers, makes a common bed — where the bells at all the doors tell of an arrival or a departure, before either can take place; and all the clocks of the churches tell the time, half an hour before it arrives — where life seems to be counted by the number of pipes; whence King James, who wrote against the *sin* of tobacco, would have been whiffed away in an hour; but where the beef is

A language may be too full and overflow: like the pails of water so constantly seen in Hamburg; and from which the hearers wisely pour out some, in order to secure the rest, preserved also and kept within bounds by a floating piece of *wood*, which Satire longs to term a *dictionary*.

A language ought, perhaps, at a certain period, to forbid, if possible, all further egress and ingress; in spite of what Johnson's preface says about » the spirit of English « liberty «: as the gates of Hamburg are regularly shut, every evening; without its occurring to the inhabitants, that they are, literally, locked up in a prison, during more than half the hours contained in a year.

improved by smoaking, whatever the men may be — where they have more than 80 physicians, to keep them from or guide to Charon's ferry in the next world; and almost as many bridges, to save them the trouble of ferrying over their unhealthy and baneful canals in this world (1) — where they, who wish for hospitable and tempting suppers as much as Johnson liked Scottish breakfasts, may be well content to live; and they, who after a full meal of life wish to be pompously and temptingly carried to their last home, should contrive to die (2) — where a female, when abroad, goes,

(1) Dr. Menuret, a physician of much eminence at Paris before the revolution, is printing an » Essai sur la ville d'Hambourg », which should be considered well by such Hamburgers as care about the health of the city, and such visitors as regard their own health. He shows how the canals may be rendered less unhealthy, and proves that even a better pavement would be more healthy. It would, then, save something to the rich, in their praise-worthy contributions for the sick; and, certainly, in their voluntary pavements before their own doors. The streets are *shameful*; as the inhabitants are grown wealthy enough, within only the last three or four years, to pave their whole Town with the most valuable coin of any part of the world to which Commerce conveys merchandise. Many of those, who have undertaken within these few years, the paving of even the *smallest* English Towns, would, no doubt, come over and *contract* both as to expense and as to time. — The Hamburgers should study to give their commercial city attractions, during a calm, as well as during a storm. The high and dreadful tide, the *HYGRA*, of war, has sufficiently, of late, filled their happy, tranquil Elbe: they should, now, use all the means in their power to prevent the ebb of Peace from leaving them dry. — Even literary travellers will find, at present, an attraction at the reading - room of *THE HARMONY*, superior to any thing in England; except it be the spirited Mr. Hookham's, in Bond street, London; and, perhaps, not equaled abroad.

Much may be effected by means of the Alster, and other *capabilities* of this enviable city; and much may be expected from its present Governors and the present spirit of the place. Hamburgh might easily be made one of the most desirable residences in the world, for a merchant at least.

If the inhabitants feel offended at the honest anxiety of the present writer about their city; they should not, many of them, have attached him so much, in so short a time, to it and to them, by so many friendly civilities, and by so much real worth.

(2) Johnson says, in his *Scottish Tour* (particularly valuable, with all its narrowness of mind; and even *that* may enlarge the reader's mind) — «wherever a man had supped, if he could remove himself by a wish, he would desire to breakfast in Scotland».

in all weathers, without any thing on her head; or with a Danish hat, put on as if she were carrying it to some one else — where, the gates of the city are shut, every evening; and the windows of many of the houses are not opened, for weeks together — where, in private apartments, one tastes, along with the sparkling, high-flavoured politeness of modern life, the full-bodied, unadulterated manners of the last century; and where, in the publick cellar of the city, one drinks genuine hock, solemnly dated almost two centuries ago (1620) — where all the inhabitants are wakened with the beating of cottons, on the canals, for female dresses; and where I wake for no better purpose, perhaps, than to lay all my male and female readers to sleep — where, every two steps, one meets travellers from all the four quarters of the world, and from almost all their different parts — and where, in a week, one confuses one's own language, and does not acquire another; both of which I fear this letter may prove.

But I write Madam, also, in a city, which has *many more* things to BOAST of, than to be smiled at — in a city, which, though now perhaps the second in the world for commerce, exhibits a publick library, little known even in Germany, containing more than 80,000 volumes (1) and many rare manuscripts — a city, in which

(1) The publick library at Hamburgh is very rich in ancient Oriental mss. There are no fewer than 44 on vellum, which contain the Hebrew text of the old testament, or parts of it.

Among these is an old parchment-code, No. 19., in quarto, containing the books called by the Jews the latter prophets and the Chithubhim or Hagiographa, written by a Spanish Rabbi in the year 5248, which corresponds with our date 1488. At the end is a remarkable fragment of an old Hebrew copy of the Megillath Antiochus, or the first book of Maccabees; which is now only known in a Rabbinic translation, found in some Jewish books of prayers. This Hebrew text differs essentially from the Rabbinic translation, and seems, by the strict likeness of style to the style of the new Testament, to have been first compiled by an author living in Palaestine during the first century after the birth of

I know, already, more liberal, valuable, amiable, informed and even learned characters, than I ever found any where else, during the same space of time — which has such a connexion with the rest of Europe at present, that one of its newspapers (*The Correspondenten*), published 4 days in the 7, prints 96,000 copies every

Christ. In this curious fragment occurs a passage totally altered by the Rabbinic translator. The original runs thus. » And Antiochus said to his generals: do you not know, « and are you not informed, that the people of the Jews, which are in Jerusalem amongst « us — they do not fear our religion, nor observe our customs, nor approach to them; « and they neglect the laws of the king, for to observe their own laws. They also wait « for the time of the extirpation of kings, governors and lieutenants; they say, how long « shall our king reign over us? For we will reign, ourselves, over the sea and the con- « tinent; and the whole world shall be given in our hands.

» It would not be reasonable for the king to allow that such men and principles « should be spread over the surface of the earth. Now let us go, and attack them, and « destroy the constitution which they have given to themselves, the sabbath and the new « month and the circumcision. « — I am obliged to my friend Professor Lichtenstein, the learned librarian whom I have already mentioned, for this information. —

It may be acceptable to some one of our publick libraries, or curious individuals, in England, to be informed of a ms. which may be purchased at Hamburgh. It is in the hands of Mr. Nemnich, the well-known author of the valuable » *Allgemeines Polyglotten- « Lexicon der Natur-Geschichte, mit erklärenden Anmerkungen;* « and who is proceeding in his labours to serve mankind, which did not escape the notice of the late publick-spirited Empress of Russia. The world owes to him, also, Mr. Röding's » *Allgemeines Wör- « terbuch der Marine in allen Europäischen Seesprachen nebst vollständigen Erklärungen. « Mit Kupfern.* « Mr. Nemnich is now employed on » *An universal European Dictionary « of merchandise* « (1 vol.), in twelve languages.

The following is the preface to this ms.

» This *murans-drulla* is the sole exemplar and now the original, and nobody living has « a copy of it. This work is a treasure which I got by inheritance from my ancestors, « who have been always clergymen of the Augustian Church since Luther's time. It « came to each eldest son. They called it their *murans-drulla* (mason's-trowel). My « father and his brother could perfectly speak this language. If they used it in their con- « versation; they said, we speak *drullian*. The account, which they gave me often, was « the following: that the Protector, Oliver Cromwell, had formed a design to introduce an

week—a city, in which the French revolution has enabled the Resident at Geneva under the old government, of the first talents and education, to show his good sense by becoming a bookseller; and where the literary traveller may find a regular bookseller, of whom I should say more in this letter from Hamburgh, if he were not the printer and publisher of it (1) — a city, where the late Em-

« universal language. The principal requisite was this, that it should be the easiest, having
 « few or no exceptions from its rules. Among many attempts this was approved, and
 « the bible was translated into it. The original copy was brought into Saxony by an
 « English Free-mason, who sold it for a large sum of money to my great-grand-father,
 « who added the dictionary, or the second volume of the *murans-drulla*, and took a
 « copy of the first volume and burnt the original. »

Whatever may be true of this, the language *seems* to be only the dialect of the Jews, who were exiled from Spain and Portugal, mixed with latin words, and confused in its spelling by the Saxon pronunciation. This *murans-drulla* confounds, like the Saxons, in a way we never have at any period, b and p, d and t, g and k. However, it is certainly a curiosity; and perhaps the author of these two volumes would not have taken so much trouble, nor even the transcriber, unless there had been more merit in the invention than appears from a *very hasty* examination. Vol. 1. is a dictionary of the language, sufficiently full and satisfactory. Vol. 2. contains the old and the new Testaments: translated into the language, and written in a hand remarkably fair and uniform. I will give, here, Genesis 1. 3.; and also Luke 1. 5, 6, 7, that these three verses may be compared with the other languages in the folding table.

Ed ha Deus dikabam: il fierade ha luka. ed il fierabam ha luka. — Ha unadus librusa he Moses. kaidela. u. r.

In dembus he Herodes, he reginans he Gudea, essabam ha sazerdus de ordina Abia, kum nomina Zaggarias, ed ha suus konkugansa de filidaim aaron, ki nominabar Elisabed. — Ha Efangela he sankdalis Lucas. Kaidela. u. i.

Isim essabam ferum ambo bialis koram Deus, ed ambulabam in omnis brezebdaime ed sdadudaim he dominus irreprehendialis. s.

Ed isim hababam ho nullus liberus, nam Elisabed essabam infekundalis, ed essabam ambo bene senessadus. e.

(1) At M. Chateaufort's and M. Fauché's, a traveller will be gratified in other respects, besides finding, in the house of the former, many of the most rare and valuable books which the French and other languages can boast, and, in the shop of the latter, all the modern literature of France.

press of Russia was, in part, educated; and where Gustavus Vasa spent part of his retirement — which, with its sister-city Altona, affords a refuge, just now, to much worth, and many talents, not often seen (1) — a city, which justly boasts that it has given birth, among its casks, its bales and its packages, to such men as

M. Fauche's commendable spirit, as a publisher, ought, however, to be mentioned. He has, lately, commenced a monthly publication, » *Le Spectateur du Nord, Journal Politique, » Litteraire and Moral* »; the first No. of which appeared January 31. 1797, with considerable credit both to the publisher and the Editor: and he has, *alone*, undertaken to print M. de Rivarol's new French dictionary, in 3 large vols. 4to; which promises to displace even the dictionary of the Academy, unless too much credit be given to the talents of the author and his learned prospectus. The preliminary discourse will soon make its appearance. — To M. de Rivarol's great publication, and M. Fauche's spirit, this country may look, hereafter, for a better French and German Dictionary, than it has at present; and ours perhaps to something more of a dictionary of English and German, than any that can now be found. The connexion between the two languages makes a deficiency in this latter respect particularly *disgraceful*.

(1) I have been favoured, here, with a sight of 3 books of a latin Epic poem, by a countryman of M. de Rivarol's; who does not think with him, as to the universality of the French language. This is not a *cento* from Virgil, i. e. filthy *PLAGIARISM*, as our education teaches us. Should the author's difficulty in pleasing himself let him finish, I do not fear to promise that he will not stand lowest on the short list of Epic poets; and I only lament that he has desired me to erase what I had written, and that he will not allow me to exhibit a specimen (as I hoped), nor even to give an account of his *happy* subject and machinery. Perhaps *no* Epic poet has chosen more happily.

Another, whose sword is useless here, though not his pen, will often be spoken of by Posterity; especially, if future times should allow that it was his intention to have tried to save Europe from all its present calamities. I will relate a peaceful anecdote of him — for we are men and women, oftener than we have occasion to prove ourselves skilled in destroying our fellow-creatures. — Since I had the honour to begin this letter, I walked to play at chess with him, on a fine Spring morning. He and his Lady were gone to a neighbouring friend's grounds. Her I found in a rustick alcove, by a picturesque piece of water; but the commander in chief had marched as a volunteer, on a foraging party, to their house a mile off, because she seemed indisposed. He was, now, returning, at a distance, with some wine in a pocket-bottle and a roll. — Your R. H. may, perhaps, call

Hagedorn, Brockes, Gisecke, Fabricius, Ebert and Eschenburg (1) — which Klopstock has chosen to dignify, by making it his abode for the last twenty five years — and where a merchant, though an extensive one (Caspar Voght), displays the mind of a Prince, in trying every means to introduce into his country the various improvements he has found, or hears of, in Europe; and by studying the happiness of the poor, as if they were all his re-

to mind the beautiful chorus in Chatterton's » Rowley's Poems «, which may be well looked at when the question is about German or old English. The lines run thus, I think, without that wonderful boy's old spelling.

» When Battle, smoaking with new-quicken'd gore;

« Bending with spoils; with bloody-dropping head;

« Did the thick wood of Peace and Ease explore,

« Seeking to rest on Pleasure's downy bed —

« Pleasure, dancing from her wood,

« Wreath'd with flow'rs of eglantine,

« From his visage wash'd the blood,

« Hid his sword and gaberline «.

Your R. H. will admit of this note, for the sake of my thoughtless readers of both sexes — especially, as one reader, of a different description, may be thinking, perhaps, of that state in life, the happiness of which depends so much upon the mutual attention of both parties.

(1) The city has much living worth to boast of, both among its sons and its inhabitants. Eschenburg is living, at Brunswick. Dr. Reimarus is the son of another eminent Ham-burgh-R., and the grandson of Fabricius. — Senator Kirchof, besides his other attractions, has perhaps the most complete set of philosophical and astronomical instruments in Germany: and I must run the hazard of offending the unassuming turn of mind of Mr. T. Blacker, by saying (for the sake of the example to other countries) that he, already possesses what is very valuable in the same way; and that perhaps few characters, of the same age, in any country, use so much wealth with so much credit as this merchant. — Professor Busch still adorns a city, where his publick services will long continue to be remembered: and Professor Ebeling (the modern Busching) still continues his labours on the « History and Geography of America », of which an improved edition will soon be published in French, in 12 vols. 8vo.

lations (1) — a city, in short, which does not, perhaps, yield to the capital of any empire, in the general character of its inhabitants of every description; in the use generally made of its immense riches; in the number or nature of its publick charities; or in any thing, which at all regards government. — Long may it flourish; and ever may its ramparts remain as useless, as they happily are at present!

Should this city be visited by your R. H., in your way to Stutgard, the English name and your R. H.'s are so much respected here, that few of the inhabitants of Hamburgh would be found who would not sincerely wish such a character might never lament having visited Germany on such an occasion.

If this be the wish even of foreigners, how much more earnestly, Madam, must it come from one, who is happy in being your R. H.'s countryman, and in lying under such personal obligations to part of your R. H.'s family?

May the approaching event, on which happiness so much depends, be rendered still more happy to your R. H., as a sister and a Briton, by Ireland's first receiving tranquillity from the hands of

(1) This honourable praise belongs to my valuable acquaintance Mr. Voght, but along with many of his fellow-citizens. The annual charity of the public contributes more than ten thousand pounds; besides which, more than 200 of the most respectable inhabitants have given their time (where time is worth so much) for this most benevolent of purposes. From Nov. 1790 to July 1791, the sum of L. 9317. 5. was distributed to the poor *in money*, which alleviated the distresses of 5764 families; besides which, the institution *spent* L. 6453, that year, to make the poor more comfortable. The population is about 110,000; the poor about 7,000, with 2,500 more in the hospitals. See «Account of the management of the poor in Hamburgh, since 1788»; Edinburgh, 1795, which reflects credit for its language on Mr. Voght, as well as on him and his fellow-citizens in other respects. England, to which the pamphlet pays so many compliments, should blush to read the *history* and the *RESULT* of their management of the poor; and to hear that, since 1788, scarcely a beggar has been seen in the streets of Hamburgh.

your R. H.'s, brother, and my great friend and patron Lord Moira (1); if the Prince's gallant and patriotick offer should be accepted! May

(1) The Earl of Moira is, after all, scarcely more a statesman or a soldier, than he is a scholar and even a linguist. Since the following fact will never be known in England, as far as depends on the person most concerned, who *studies* to conceal even his English acts of benevolence; I will exhibit the amiable anecdote, from the German newspapers of 25. feb. 1797. May the matrimonial happiness of all the parties be perfect, and continue long! but may that of your R. H. continue as long!

An den Englischen Grafen Franz von Moira, der sich im Amerikanischen Kriege unter dem Namen des Lord Rawdon rühmlichst bekannt machte, war vor längerer Zeit von Wien aus eine Geldforderung gemacht worden, die er aber als ungegründet angab, und die auch als solche gerichtlich anerkannt wurde. Der Graf sandte indeß doch einen Theil der Summe an seinen Gegner, und bestimmte überdem 12000 Gulden 24 arme tugendhafte Wiener Bürgertöchter zur Aussteuer. Gestern wurden auch 24 dergleichen Ehepaare, wovon jedes den verhältnißmäßigen Antheil von jener Summe erhalten, in der hiesigen St. Stephanskirche feyerlich Eopulirt.

This classical character has studied, no doubt, Akenside's most sublime simile, in the fine ode to his Uncle Lord Huntingdon; and they, who have the happiness of seeing him near, exclaim, of the nephew, as the poet did, of the Pantheon —

«Amid the toys of idle state,

«How *simply*, how *severely great*»!

This is what others say. As to myself — my voice is of little consequence; and I can not call myself impartial, since I owe his Lordship *every thing*, both on my own account and on account of my dictionary. That would have been *long since* printed, had Lord Thurlow (who, I know, is now, sorry for his long and cruel neglect of me), or any one of the others on whom I had every claim, performed, at a proper time, any one of the promises, by which I have been robbed of my time, and my family of part of my private fortune. Some of THEIR solemn promises have been performed by a man, on whom I had no claim whatever, and whose enviable friendship I owed, in the first place, to my national employment. I feel proud, for my part, at calling him a MAN; and at belonging to the same order of beings with Francis Rawdon Hastings, Earl of Moira. If I live to print my dictionary, the English language will be indebted for it to the repeated kindnesses and friendship, which its author has experienced at this great man's hands.

«Amid the toys of idle state,

«How *simply*, how *severely great*»!

your R. H., after seeing nothing happen in Great-Britain or Ireland contrary to the wishes of the good and the wise, begin in Germany a career of domestic happiness as complete as ever yet attended matrimony in the cottage or the palace ! May even the voyage hither, over the element so much dreaded by your R. H., be every thing which the most timid sailor can desire (1) ! May

(1) Your Royal Highness may remember a reason given for this timidity, in an unpublished poem of little merit, but much sincerity.

» Her meek soul dreads the sea: in every wave

« It sadly marks some kindred Briton's grave. «

If your R. H's vessel should be driven to Heligoland, may it experience those services which the skill of its inhabitants so frequently has occasion to afford ! In the following little French ballad, truth is somewhat sacrificed to turn of thought; but perhaps cool consideration cannot much mend what came from an emigrant Count's troubled mind, upon the occasion of fresh troubles.

SUR LE REVEREND * * *;
APRÈS NOTRE NAUFRAGE D'HELIGOLAND,

LE 6 DECEMBRE 1796.

Sur l'air — Avec les jeux dans le village.

1.

Les infortunes du voyage,
M'ont fait admirer sa vertu:
Car ce n'est que dans le naufrage,
Que le grand homme est bien connu.
Toujours calme, toujours tranquille,
Comme dans le sein du bonheur,
Son coeur étoit le seul azile,
Que nous eussions dans le malheur.

2.

Tel on voit, contre les orages,
Un rocher placé par les cieux,
Pour offrir pendant les naufrages
Un port à tous les malheureux.

your R. H., always, have occasion to preserve the «lachender Mund

Tel au plus fort de la tempête,
Il sait mépriser les dangers,
Et conserver toute sa tête,
Pour consoler les passagers.

3.

Du Dieu, qu'il sert, vivante image,
Des malheureux il est l'appui;
Et met, en philosophe, en sage,
Son bonheur dans celui d'autrui.

Triste ou joyeux, le François chante,
Mais l'Anglois est plus sérieux,
Et son ame n'est bien contente,
Que quand il a fait des heureux.

Heligo-land is an Island, belonging to the king of Denmark, some leagues from land. Without exaggeration (or, rather, *with*), it is almost an English mile round. It may well be called » The pocket-Island «; but it ought to be called « The one-pair-of-stairs-Island », for the only approach to its lofty rock is by a double flight of artificial steps, as at Windsor castle. The castle, however, with the terraces etc, would perhaps more than occupy its surface; and the Eton boys certainly require a larger place to play at cricket in. — Longinus praises and illustrates Homer's sublimity, speaking of the horses of Neptune, by observing that » the whole world was not large enough for them to make « another bound « — this would be strictly true of the little world of Heligo-land, if Neptune should ever suffer a Welsh poney to be landed in it. — One of the inhabitants of Swift's Brobdignag would not find it big enough for a breakfast-table; and the whole Island would scarcely be a dinner for a stone-eater, whom I have seen exhibit. — This useful rock appears to be placed here, as a lighthouse for the mouth of the Elbe; but it often shipwrecks vessels, as well as larger and more conspicuous dangers. — Every house in the village (i. e. the Island) exhibits furniture, ornaments etc., *heaped together* from the wrecks of vessels belonging to all the different parts of the world. There are as many watches, by these means, in the poorest house, as in a watchmaker's shop. Among other things, I bought a miniature of a Lady, painted by our Cosway, I imagine. It was found in a wreck, *lately*; but they did not know what ship. The person represented is perhaps of a *certain age*, though with every appearance of being still young. Her hair is a beautiful brown, without powder (some of it set in a knot, at the back of the picture); and she wears a black velvet-hat, like the one in which Vandyke and Reynolds painted them-

«und frölich Antlitz», which Haltaus says, in his curious Glossa-

selves. In the band of the hat is carelessly stuck a small bunch of fresh-gathered violets («*balsamische, duftende*» p. 60.). The miniature was wrapped up in a letter, of which the salt water has obliterated more than half. — Perhaps this note may be seen by some one interested in its contents; for which reason I will print all that is legible of the letter. It is apparently creditable to all parties; and certainly *instructive* to others — particularly in times, when the richest have been distressed, without any fault of theirs.

« — — — too pretty, but very like. It will comfort you, till I can come, or you can return. Let not your high sense of honour distress you, on account of the step you are *forced* to take. For the interest of all, you were *bound* to take it; as, by going away till things are settled, you will be enabled to pay *all* and MAKE AMENDS to *all*. They, who know you best, dont blame you; though you blame yourself.

No man, certainly, has had more ill fortune than you; and I trust you will enable us to *continue* to say, that few men would have borne it, Dearest, as you have. Dear Sophy will, I am sure, be all you can wish; and your character will, soon, not only be *redeemed*, but rise the *HIGHER* for all this, with my friends and with your own — particularly, if you *can* exert your talents even *at such a moment*, as you say. That best-hearted of men, who *was* to have called on me at Bath; and that best of friends to *you*, and even to *HIM*; will not, I am confident, either of them, desert either you or poor me. You, who have been a friend to so many others, *SHALL* not (as uncle Toby swears) ever want a friend yourself. — As you love both my sisters, you will like to know * * . My brother and his wife, of both of whom you write so *very* kindly * * .

» Though your letters always *charge* me not, and say you dont want any money; I *will* send you this note for a few guineas. I send you also, in a paper hermetically folded up, some violets, given me yesterday by my friend Mr. M. They will fade, I fear, before they reach you. Why, alas! should any thing fade? As to Sir William — before long * * . Dear Mrs. J * * . Kind Fanny O * * . Once more; do *you* bear up, and I will.

» You Kindly write of *my* merit etc.; but I dont deserve you, my friend. Had we met and liked (as now), at 25 and 20, you might, by this time, with your various * * * * *, have made me a little worthy of you. However, I love you *dearly*, *DEARLY* — and the more, for *all* that has happened, and your *whole* conduct, since the 25th. of last September — and I am, and ever will be, my own Mufty,

« P. S. There are worse ills than even ours. Your affectionate little Wife ».

But the mind can employ itself upon matters more worldly, even when just put in possession of such remains of a Heligoland-wreck; of a slight tale, so *SENTIMENTAL* — a word, which has of late years raised the laugh *too much* in England, and driven us into the other extreme; as was the case with Don Quixote in Spain.

rium (folio. Lips. 1758. p. 1151.), were, formerly, required by law in Germany, to prove that contracts etc. were perfectly volun-

Hamburgh, The King of Denmark, Germany, England, America — all those who are most interested in the navigation of the Elbe, should join, and give their vessels a claim on the *necessary* assistance of the Heligoland-pilots, during the *very* dangerous winter-months, by paying them during the idle months of their summer. Just before I escaped death there, a deputation (as I was credibly informed) returned from Hamburgh, which had in vain offered to accept what appeared very reasonable terms (40 dollars in Summer for each vessel, and 100 in Winter, whether taking a pilot or not). Indeed, our observation was — that they seemed less rapacious, with a perfect monopoly in their hands, than we should, perhaps, have been, ourselves, in their situation. Yet we heard a pilot, who was also a carpenter, observe that » the vessel, loaded with deals, which rode out the storm, would have been « a better wreck than the American in ballast »; which we *saw* go down, with another, close to our packet. Young's lines were presented to our eyes, within a few yards of our own vessel, in a way that strikes something more than either writing or print.

O'er them, and o'er their names, the billows close;

Tomorrow knows not they were ever born!

Others a short memorial leave behind,

Like a flag, floating when the bark's ingulph'd;

It floats a moment, and is seen no more.

Thus much is due from me to the healthy, handsome, happy race of men, who cling about this diminutive one-pair-of-stairs-island; in return for the gratification they afforded my curiosity — for their genuine hospitality — and for their saving my eventful life, in order that I may perform the destinations of God, may be of use to those I love and may try to serve mankind. — Call not these last words, Good People, vanity: they are very plain and simple matter of fact. What can this world boast, which would make a man of the most common understanding or experience really vain? Who would continue in the Heligoland of this petty, molehill-world, even in the best of times, if it were not for the three considerations, which I have just mentioned? And, with these considerations or with only one of the three, who would be so contemptible a wretch as to quit it of his own accord?

« August 23. Every ant-hill about this time is in a strange hurry and confusion; « and all the winged ants, agitated by some violent impulse, are leaving their « homes, and, bent on emigration, swarm by myriads in the air, to the great emolument « of the *hirundines*, which fare luxuriously. Those that escape the swallows, return « no more to their nests, but looking out for fresh settlements, lay a foundation for future « colonies. » P. 116. of Gilbert White's « Naturalist's calendar ».

tary (1) ! May your R. H. find such a Husband as every one allows your R. H.'s most exemplary father to have exhibited to his subjects, during more than thirty five years! and may the Princess of Wurtemberg be as happy in matrimony, as we may suppose your R. H.'s great-grand-father to have made his consort, from an affecting passage which I find in my travelling copy of Johnson's Dictionary at *side-board* — «George the second directed the side-board of Queen Caroline's coffin, and his own (when his hour came), to be constructed in such a manner as to be removed; so that their loving dust might intermingle». (2)

(1) Haltaus might have quoted part of a most beautiful description of Venus and her attendant Graces; which I find in the old German Chronicle, mentioned p. 52. n., under the year 781. «Se hadde uppe orem houet eyenen Krans van myrthen de is umbeslochten gewesen mit roten rosen. In örem lachenden munde hadde se eyn besloten rosen».

(2) Pennant's «London» 4to p. 80. «A harmless drudge» of a dictionary-maker, as Johnson calls himself at the word *lexicographer*, must not presume to know much of human nature; but even one of this wretched race of writers may be allowed to say that such a life, as this anecdote paints to the reader's eyes, had something more to boast of than either crowns or sceptres can confer. Fielding, however, stops me; and bids me take leave of your R. H., and return to my harmless studies in the German and the Northern languages, for the sake of my grammar and dictionary. «We, who are admitted behind the scenes of this great theatre of Nature; and no author ought to write any thing but dictionaries and spelling-books, who hath not this privilege» —. Tom. Jones. «B. 7. ch. 1. This dreadful passage I find in the margin of my copy of Johnson; where I have collected another dictionary since I offered to my country the one I had prepared in 1793. Johnson has not *scene* in this phrase, and he does not give any example of its ever having this first sense.

As to Fielding, and those who join the laugh with him — we are fair game, and we must bear it all; but Johnson would have found something to retort, both for himself and for others. He would have allowed Johnson to abuse Johnson, at the word *lexicographer*; but, in company with even the father of parson Adams, he would have boldly considered himself as knight of the shire, to represent all his brother-drudges and to defend their rights. I heard him say, in 1784, to a person who may still benefit by the advice — «Sir, a man should look; and mind where he steps, in this world. Sir, a poor beetle, on which you tread, may turn — may even start up a giant, and revenge himself».

When my hour shall come, may I deserve to have it written upon my coffin, that I endeavoured not to be a bad husband or a bad father; and that I spent the best part of a life (God knows and ordered) not remarkably happy, in the humble capacity of what one of the greatest men (Francis Bacon) was content to call himself, *the servant of Posterity!* Till my hour shall come, I must ever feel the highest sense of my various obligations to the uncommon kindness of your Royal Highness's illustrious and truly Royal brother; and I must, therefore, for ever remain,

MADAM,

with the most profound respect,

etc. etc. etc.

HAMBURG; MARCH, 1797.

HERBERT CROFT.

I N D E X.

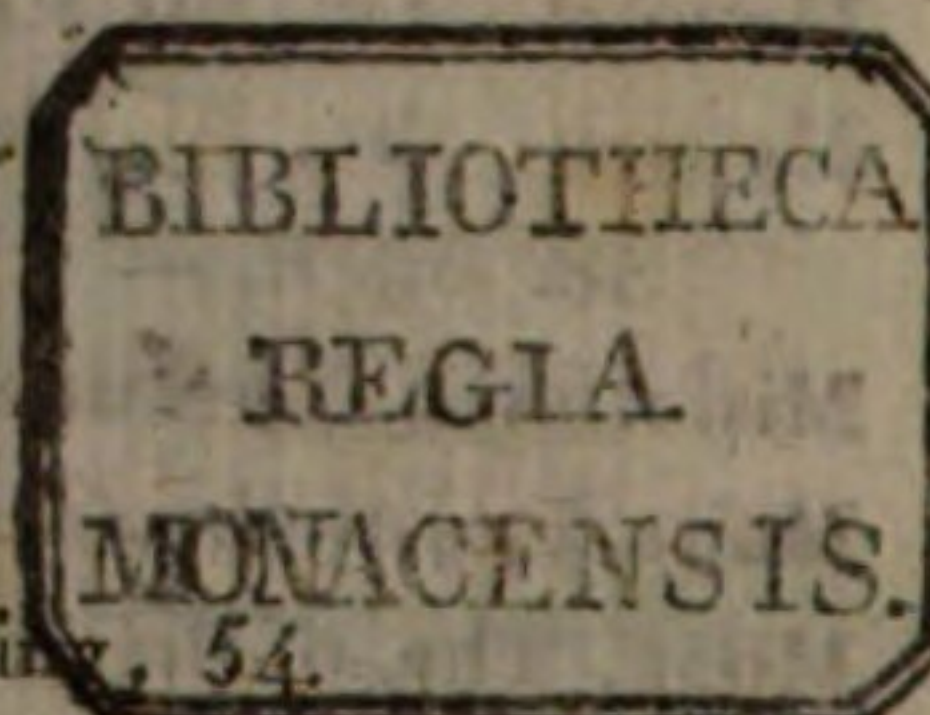
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GERMAN LANGUAGE,

1. Shown by the editions and translation
It is suggested whether

See the letter, page 18. 67. 79.

REINIKE VOSS.		REINEKE DER FUCHS.	
13 Aileisabaith: (Luk. 1.5.)	13 Elizabeth.	13 An bothe weren	14 And they were
14 wesunuh than	14 Sothlice hig waeron	15 Juste	15 both righteous
15 garaihta ba	15 butu rihtwise	16 bifeore God:	16 before God,
16 in andwairthja Goths	16 beforan Gode.	17 goynge	17 walking
17 Gaggandona	17 Gangende	18 in all the maundementis	18 in all the commandments
18 in allaim anabusnim	18 on eallum his bebodum	19 and justifyingis of the Lord	19 and ordinances of the Lord
19 jah garaihteim thanins	19 and rightwisnessum	20 withouten playnt.	20 blameless.
20 unwahl: (Luke 1. 6.)	20 butan wrohte:	21 Andthei hadden no child	21 And they had no child
21 Jah ni was im barne.	21 and hig naefdon nan bearn	22 for Elizabeth was	22 because that Elisabeth was
22 Unte was aileisabaith	22 fortham the Elizabeth waes	23 bareyn	23 barren,
23 stairo.	23 unberende.	24 and bothe weren of greet age	24 and they both were well-stricken
24 jah ba framladra	24 and hy on hyra dagum	25 in her dayes.	25 in years.
25 dage seinaize wesun: (Luke 1. 7.)	25 butu forth-eodun.	26 And it bifell that	26 And it came to pass that
26 warth than	26 Sothlice waes geforden	27 whanne Zacarye schould do the office of presthood	27 while he executed the priest's office
27 mit thanei gudjinoda is	27 tha Zacharias hys sacerdhades	28 in the ordir of his course	28 befote God
28 in wikon kunjis seinis	28 breac on his gewrixles endebyrdnesse	29 to fore God	29 in the order of his course
29 in andwairthja Goths (Luke 1. 8)	29 beforan Gode		

LANGUAGES.

ion
a of the bible.

			ld.
1, vare	14 The woro	14 Enn thau voru	
1, ammen retfoer-	15 baden rattferdigh	15 boede riattlat	
1d, dieg	16 for Gudh,	16 fyrer Gude,	
1ge	17 wandrandes	17 og geingu	
d- 18 ligen	18 i all Herrans bodh	18 i ollum Bodordum	
ne 19 Herrens Bud	19 och stadgar	19 og riئتloetingum Drot-	
' 20 kelser.	20 ostraffeliga:	tirs	
d, 21 hafde intet Barn,	21 Och the hade ingen	21 Thau attu ecki Barn,	
th 22 abeth var	barn,	22 thuiad Elizabeth var.	
23ommeligh;	22 Ty Elizabeth war	23 obyria.	
24vare Baade vel	23 ofruchtsam,	24 og boede tlan voru	
en 25.	24 och baden woro the	25 olldrud.	
at 26 begaf sig,	framliidin	26 Enn so bar til .	
ne 27 d giorde Proeste-	25 i sin alder.	27 tha Zacharias atte ad-	
te Embedet,	26 sa begaf thet sigh	flytia prestligt i mboette	
28 d	27 ta hau i sitt skifte skulle	28 fyrer Gude,	
se 29 skiftes tid	halla sitt Prestembete	29 epter til skickan sinnar	
	28 for Gudi,	stiettar.	
	29 efter Presterkapens sedh		

E R R A T A.

P. 5.	for <i>thongh</i>	read <i>though</i>	P. 41.	for <i>Tentonick</i>	read <i>Teutonick</i>
30. n.	— <i>but</i>	— <i>But</i>	58.	— <i>segen</i>	— <i>gegen</i>
31. n.	— <i>abbor</i>	— <i>abhor</i>	66.	— <i>desiteratum</i>	— <i>desideratum</i>
37.	— <i>this latter</i>	— <i>the former</i>	76. n. l. 32.	— p. 2 .	— p. 29.

N.B. These pages exhibit, I *believe*, only the foregoing *errata*; chiefly letters *dropped out*, and lost, or put in again *wrong* or *turned* — and these *only* in some copies. A dictionary-maker must possess not only the necessary degree of dulness, but that particular dulness calculated for correcting the press.

If *severely* p. 90. should be printed (though I think not) *serenely*, the fault is not mine. Two edit. of our poets, which I consult here, leave me to choose between the two adverbs. Some officious printer gave *serenely*, I suppose, who could not understand *severely*. Unless we had, again, such regular correctors of the press as my great friends Bishops Lowth and Douglas have often told me were employed formerly, it is to be wished that our poets at least should be edited by foreign printers, or by English ones who only know their letters. Much, of what the poet and the linguist wish to see, is, *now*, altered. — *Severely* is lost, here; and, in the booksellers' edition, I remember that, when Swift writes, according to the custom of his day or to his opinion, in *THE CITY-SHOWER*, "*old aches throb*" (*aches* two syllables), they have the assurance to sell us "*old aches WILL throb*." In *THE TATLER* and *THE SPECTATOR*, our classicks of perhaps the greatest consequence because the most read, this assurance rises to impudence and even to still worse.

I need not blush, notwithstanding all I have said here and elsewhere about the merit of accuracy, if the reader should find more *errata* in these pages. They were printed very hastily and by those unacquainted with English, though at a very good press. My accurate and very able friend Bishop Douglas, the detector of Lauder, knows that I *can* exhibit accuracy and detect the want of it in others. — Indeed, as life is sufficiently uncertain to all of us, I desire to leave upon record here, that, in 1790, I laid before the bench of Bishops (as the heads of English literature) a printed collection of *errata* and *INTENTIONAL ALTERATIONS*, in our *best* editions of Dryden, Swift, *The Tatler*, *The Spectator*, Parnell, Hume, etc. etc. I offered, if supported by a subscription (*the whole to be returned in books*), to reprint our classicks; and to consider that, also, as encouragement for my dictionary, which I meant should quote my own correct editions, and which I was ready to publish in 1793, without any encouragement at all. Bishop Douglas did all in his Lordship's power to enable me to give such editions as I proposed, in the room of those, which I dare confidently assert my Country ought to be ashamed to be content with, and almost to suffer to exist. America is *conjured* to attend to this, if England will not; and to what I mention of English inaccuracy, in this letter.

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Of Different Periods Of The german; Ans With An Index

Hamburgh 1797

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